

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,
Healthy, free, the
world before me,
The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

Printed as often as possible and
mailed monthly to members in good
standing only, by the Guild at

PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS-INDIANA

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The Open Road

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN
223347 Published Monthly at
Pigeon-Roost-In-The-Woods, Indiana.

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The Open Road

DIVINE am I inside and out, and I make
holy whatever I touch or am touched from,
The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than
prayer,
This head more than churches, bibles, and all
the creeds.

—WALT WHITMAN

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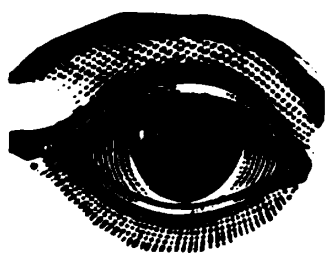
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(Original of this letter at the office of this publication.)

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INDEPENDENT RELIGIOUS SOCIETY

302 Wabash Ave., Chicago

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The Open Road

VOL. III

JULY, 1909.

No. 1.

Bruce T. Calvert, Editor and Publisher,

Back to Nature.

I CANNOT help feeling the deepest interest in the various movements that are aiming to lure men back to the soil. This may not be the solution to our vexing economic problem, but at least it affords some immediate and blessed relief to thousands who are being ground to pieces in the over-crowded cities.

I read with positive delight each month the little rebel Ariel, telling about the progress Comrade Littlefield and his associates are making in winning for themselves a home and a competency on beautiful Fellowship Farm at Westwood, Mass.

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I also follow with keenest pleasure the work of others along this line—The Landward League, The Straight Edge Settlement at Alpine, N. J., The Little Landers of San Diego, Calif., and the Co-operative Homestead Co., of Fort Wayne, Ind. I am sure that these, and doubtless other groups with which I am not acquainted, are serving a noble purpose.



The group or fellowship plan simply makes it a little easier for the man without any accumulation to unite with his fellows in buying his little homestead plot in a desirable locality. Then of course there is the added joy of association in home life with those of kindred ideals. But it is not at all necessary to unite with a club or group if you do not wish to, or if it is not convenient. The idea is being very extensively promulgated just now and practically proven,

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that you need but a small plot of ground, an acre to three acres or five at most is sufficient to yield a living. Intensive farming is the new gospel of the small land owners. And this simply means the application of intelligence to the cultivation of ground by the square foot in place of scattering your efforts over square miles of land as has been the wasteful method of American farmers. In this matter we are learning valuable lessons from the land workers of older countries.

Everything is gained over the haphazard system by concentrating your energies upon a small piece of ground and making that piece yield its highest possibility. Thus you make an acre produce what the slip-shod farmer will scarcely wring from ten acres or more. You save your labor and the expense of spreading yourself out over a large body of land.

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There are yet, I am sure, innumerable opportunities in the vicinity of nearly all the great cities to secure a homestead plot. And certainly there are thousands of the smaller cities, large enough to afford a market for everything the small agrarian can produce, near which acres are plentiful.



George Elmer Littlefield, who by the way is a reformed preacher, founder of the Ariel Fellowship and the active spirit on Fellowship Farm, makes the statement, and I think is proving it conclusively, that one hundred days' work out of a year on one acre will provide the essentials of life for a family of three, and this leaves 265 days to be applied to any other productive labor outside, to secure luxuries or to the improvement of the homestead.

An acre of ground costs but little.

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The average mechanic or clerk is wasting more than enough every year in idle sports, not to say debauching pleasures, to secure for himself and his family the foundation of a home for life. A home in the country, a life free from worry, free from fear; free from the clutch of greed; from the hard, life-draining, soul-sapping struggle for existence in city shops, stores, factories or streets; a home of your own, a place for your children to play; fresh air, sunshine, pure water. How splendid!

You can support yourself from a very small plot of ground. But there will be times when you must hustle as you never did in the wage slavery. Nature runs no union shop. The eight hour law is not in force. The sun and the rain and the weeds wait upon no man. Nature works all the time and there may be a few times each season when you will have to meet her half way.

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If this sort of life appeals to you; if the simple, healthy, hearty life of the outdoors attracts you, there freedom awaits you. But if you come out with the idea of exploiting your neighbors, if you want to sit in the shade when the days are hot and have some one else hoe the potatoes, then better stay where you are. This life is not for you.



I believe there is a better, sweeter life than most of us are now living. I think it is possible even under the distressing conditions of our time, to live and grow sweet and clean, and kind, and be happy, rounding out our lives at joyful work close to the mother earth, reaping wisdom as the years go lightly by. And I believe this life is within the reach of every man, however lowly and poor. Wealth or social power are not at all essentials, but the application of intelligence to the

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problem of life. A slight readjustment of the ideals of true living, the cutting out of a few of the indulgences and extravagances of modern life, a return to the good old standards of plain living and high thinking. And this road leads back to the soil; back to the simple joys of the field and garden; of a home under one's own vine and fig tree; of productive work in the earth, under the blue sky where the haunting spectre of want does not stalk, and where the elements are kind.

And because I believe in the wisdom of these things I have followed the various movements with the greatest interest and I wish them all success.



Everything that will promote this exodus of men and women from the city plague spots back to the soil is to be encouraged. Thru it much of the burdens and sufferings of the wage-earn-

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ers may be alleviated, and while, as said, this may not contain the final solution of the economic problem, it may prove at least one forward step and make the task of readjustment a little easier for those who remain in the toils. It at least affords a vista through which may be seen sweet visions of a life of gladness and joy, the sweet songs of birds, the fragrance of the flowers and the thrill and throb of that common nature that unites us forever to the soil.



But play the game, boys, if you are in it, and play it fair. Socialism is yet some way off. The competitive order, with its cruelties and brutalities, as well as its many excellences and virtues, is here. You are in the mill. Your nose is on the stone. Hold to your dreams of a better day, but while you stay in the game play it like a man. Though you are

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being daily broken upon the wheel of greed, give to every day's work the best you have in you. No matter who your employer is or what he is or how many or grievous may be your wrongs, give him every pound of steam you can raise. Give him your loyalty in the shop and out of it, not so much because he is your employer, as because you are his helper. Do it for yourself. The pay envelope hasn't a thing to do with this part of the game. The returns come in mental fibre and soul tissue. "Do your work," says Emerson, "and I shall know you." Don't whine at your lot. Don't kick on your job. And in God's name so long as you carry home the boss's money in your envelope, so long as you eat his bread, no matter how he got it—don't abuse him. You may be no better than he. If you changed places with him tomorrow, a hundred to one you'd drive the screws tigher to him than he does

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to you. He's part of the system. He's in the game the same as you are. How do you know he wouldn't lay down on his job if he could?



But if you want to get out of the game; if you have the backbone to depend upon yourself; if you are really willing to earn your living yourself, in place of having it handed out to you piece at a time on pay days—why then come out of it all. Discharge your boss and make a break for liberty, your last and only chance, back to the soil. You won't have to give up anything essential to noble manhood and sweet womanhood. The bowling alleys, the booze joints, the cheap, filthy, foolish shows, the noise and dirt and stench and grime of the city you can well afford to exchange for the sweet, pure air of the fields, and the great peace that will come to you; for the sunshine and

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the grass and the flowers, and the birds, and That's all you are getting now anyway. No you can make a living too, all you need. matter whether it costs you \$500 or \$5,000 a year. But to have a frugal living, with the joy of getting it yourself from mother earth, and besides that the grass and the blue sky and forests and flowers, the dewy mornings and the golden sunsets all your very own, and then have a little time before you pass from earth to look around you, to get your bearings, to take a good look at this grand procession of humanity, have a little time to consider the question of who and what you are, why you are here, and what your business is now that you are here—isn't it worth while?

Pragmatism will be the death of Theology. And what is pragmatism but living your philosophy of life?

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We want May OPEN ROADS. For every copy you can mail us we will extend your subscription three months.

Did you get in on Proposition Extraordinaire? You'll be sorry all your life if you don't. There are a very few memberships left. See June number for particulars. This offer will never be repeated.

THE Independent Religious Society of Chicago sends me a circular in which I find this statement: "The people who maintain the platform of the Independent Religious Society have guaranteed to their lecturer perfect intellectual freedom for the reason that to deny the teacher freedom to speak the truth is to deny ourselves freedom to hear it."

This sounds pretty good and very much like the OPEN ROAD platform. I wonder how

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many Christian churches would dare to do that? Not many, I suspect. Now if all religious denominations would follow suit how the bells in heaven would ring with gladness.

But if they did that there would be an end to the Church oligarchy, and I fear me the time is not yet for such action. Only last week a mob of several hundred excited ministers composing the Baptist Conference, met in heated conclave at Steinway Hall, Chicago, to denounce Prof. Foster of Rockefeller's Midway Academy, and condemn his book, "The Function of Religion." The preachers vociferously demanded Prof. Foster's resignation from the conference and his vacation of the Baptist pulpit, where it seems he has been preaching in addition to performing his duties at the University as professor of the philosophy of religion. The state of mind these hysterical hell-tooters worked themselves up into is truly pitiable.

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The account of the meeting and their rabid denunciations of the unfortunate professor for heresy are as good as a vaudeville. Said one:

"Professor Foster ceased to be a Baptist a long time ago, and as we are not jelly fish, he can't slap us in the face. I demand his resignation and that his ordination papers be taken from him."

Here is a statement of the professor's crimes according to another agitated brother:

"The failure of the author to define the title of his book implies that the purpose of the entire book may aim at definition, for the religion of which he writes is an unknown and, I believe, an unknowable quantity. It is not the religion of Judaism, nor heathenism, nor Christianity. It seems to be something new, something apart and divorced from any religion.

"Rather there is a careful and sincere endeavor to evolve a new religion out of the raw materials of the modern man on the acknowledged assumption of the competency of the soul, apart

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from the outside help of God, Christ, Holy Ghost, Church, Bible or Prayer. A more appropriate title would be 'Religion without Christianity.' The doctrine taught concerning the competency of the soul without God is absurd. I deny that human nature has the capacity to develop its own ideal.

"The author of this book ridicules prayer and says that the highest morality begins outside the church, and regeneration, the cardinal doctrine of Christianity, is discarded as an old garment. Miracles are treated as the tricks of the conjuror. Prophecy is relegated to the clairvoyant, the astrologer, the card reader, perhaps the spiritualist. The deity of Christ is denied. He says that Jesus knew less of the truth than the modern man and held more that was false. He is bitter in his indictment of the church, with all her matchless history and achievement. The Church is indicted 'as a burglar, an intruder, practicing squatter sovereignty in territories where she has no constitutional rights.'

"The views which he is now voicing are not Baptist views, they are Unitarian. It is not right or seemly for a Baptist minister to attack the Baptist church as he does."

Since this was written, Prof. Foster has been expelled from the church and the preachers are now trying to knock him out of his job at the University. Could hate and spite go further? And all in the name of the gentle and loving Christ. Well, I'd rather be in hell with Prof. Foster than to sit with these jackass parsons in their upholstered Baptist heaven.

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Now wouldn't that oscillate your occiput! Unitarian, did you hear, Unitarian! My goodness, gracious me, what a bold desperado this low-browed Foster person must be. Away with him. Quick! the hook, the hemlock, the rope, nail him to the cross! Out upon such blasphemy! Hanging is too easy for him!

Prof. Foster seems from the accounts of his enemies to be a good Open Roader. We welcome him into the Brotherhood. At any rate the Baptist brethren are doing a good job of advertising for the book. I think I see another edition needed before the conference gets thru with my erring brother.



But to return to the Independent Religious Society. The organization has grown to be a large and powerful one in Chicago, calling itself a rationalist movement. It maintains Sunday meetings in Orchestra

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Hall, which seats three thousand or more, and which is often filled to hear their lecturer, M. M. Mangasarian. It is also organized for propaganda work in spreading the truths of rationalism.



All hail the forces tending to break the chains of superstition that have bound men for ages. Surely we live in great times. The light is breaking. Baptist Conferences cannot reforge the manacles of idolatry, nor stay the march of progress. No question theology has ever dealt with is as important as intellectual liberty.

The question whether there is a God, or no God, whether Jesus was or was not, whether the bible was or was not written by the fingers of God, or dictated to his stenographer, fade into the puniest insignificance beside my right—and every man's right and freedom—to think, and write,

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and speak as I please, and believe as I choose without persecution or molestation.

This is the main issue of humanity, and beside it all others, God or no God, Christ or Anti-Christ, are but idle vaporings.

What say you, comrades, is the Baptist church organized to perpetuate its own little pin-head superstition, or is it working for the welfare of man as it claims?

Humanity can be trusted to work out its own salvation, to reach the truth, but never by coercion. It must be free to do this.



That is why I love my family of Open Roaders. I do not attempt to please this or that element. My friends would have no respect for me if I did. My joy in writing this magazine is in my freedom. It is quite possible that I may be wrong on some points. I may have made mistakes and I am like to do so again, but I have never failed to set

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down the truth as I saw it. If I am wrong I will right myself in time. But the slave will never be right. He will never see the truth because truth cannot abide in his heart.



Books Received

The Sufism of the Rubaiyat, or the Secret of the Great Paradox. By Prof. Norton F. W. Hazeldine. Published by the author, Los Angeles, Cal. Price \$1.00.

Sweet Elizabeth Towne, Navigator of that trim little craft, the **Nautilus**, says that when Bruce Calvert crosses the River Styx, the shade of Omar Khayyam will greet him with a 'Well done, thou faithful disciple of mine.' This may or may not be true, but I must confess my warm sympathy with the Old Tent Maker and my ardent admiration of his work. Omar is in fact the one bright light in the literary night of the dark ages.

This little book is a gem. I have seen no nobler or happier attempt to impale upon modern English the beauty and the spiritual meaning of the Rubaiyat. Prof. Hazeldine in this translation has succeeded in catching and crystallizing the spirit, revealing the hidden meaning of Omar's

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work in a manner peculiarly helpful and stimulating to the hurried readers of our day who have not the time to delve into the rich mines of truth concealed amid the flowery oriental figure.

For Omar was no aimless stringer of jingled verses, nor vapid poet of sensuality as so many shallow readers conclude. This man was no roystering rounder. Those who think so have missed one of the rarest gems in our world's literary casket. He was the ablest thinker of his time; a scholar of great renown; mathematician, astronomer, and, best of all, student of human life. He had at his fingers' end the philosophy of all time, and he saw, I am sure, as Whitman saw eight hundred years later, the marvelous panorama of humanity marching in review past the windows of his soul, himself in the throng. He saw the origin and the end of all; grasped this sorry scheme of things with the true cosmic vision. Strange, but I never can separate the two prophets, Omar and Whitman, in my thought. I can scarcely speak of one without also referring to the other.

If you would breathe in Omar's spirit read this volume. Its value is not measured by its

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size nor the price. And then reflect that the Persian poet and scholar lived and wrote out his heart in the imperishable Rubaiyat, at the midnight hour of the darkest night the world has ever known. A night that lasted for a thousand years; when Christianity was supreme thruout all Europe; learning and literature and art and science, and the race itself were all but dead; when Peter the Hermit was organizing the first of the crusades for the march to Jerusalem, upon which hundreds of thousands of human beings finally left their whitened bones. Omar's own country, the ancient seat of learning and culture, was overrun by the Moslem hordes. Read him understandingly and you will bow in reverence to the mighty master of the past who gathered for us such treasures of thot.

I am grateful to my friend Hazeldine for his splendid effort to rescue the Rubaiyat from the grimy fingers of the orthodox and the materialist.

Walt Whitman. By George Rice Carpenter. New York: The Macmillan Co. Price 70 cents. A modest, tastefully printed little volume of 175 pages.

This by happy chance is the next book under my hand for review. So I gladly link the two

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great teachers in these columns. Mr. Carpenter writes about Whitman's life and work from boy to man with a sincere and sympathetic insight that will charm all Whitman lovers, and he also throws new light upon some mooted points in the poet's evolution.

Old Walt is steadily coming into his own. He is even now admitted into some of the progressive churches, and his works are occasionally left out from under lock and key in certain college reading rooms, altho I believe there are still many public libraries where "Leaves of Grass" is tabu or on the Index Expurgatorius. Ignorance and bigotry die hard. But the leaven is working.

Geo. Carpenter's book is well worth reading. Whitman students will appreciate its fairness, while strangers to Old Walt will here find a good introduction to him. It's time the world was waking up to an understanding of Walt Whitman, the one sane man the race has yet produced.



ON RARE occasions is it given to the human heart to know perhaps for a fleeting moment the thrill of pure joy and peace that comes of perfect attunement with life.

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At such times the inner vision clears, disclosing to us for an instant a world of unclouded happiness.

But rare indeed as angels' visits are these experiences. In place of being always in tune, we seem to be normally out of tune, only at exalted moments rising into that exquisite harmony which rings all the sweet bells of the soul.

I remember one such a moment that came to me when for the first time I stood amid the wonders of the Rockies. Coming suddenly out after hours of toilsome ascent upon a ledge swung sheer over a thousand feet of space, I looked up at the towering ages of granite mounting still thousands of feet above me into the blue, and standing there all alone—no human companion that I knew of within sight or sound, tho I never felt less alone in my life—my heart swelled almost to bursting with the splendor of the

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scene. I seemed like the prophet of old caught up into the skies to view the wonders of the heavens; my spirit expanded to meet the hoary crags about me, and there on that mountain side, in the silence of that lovely morning hour, from those voiceless peaks came to my straining ears the message of perfect peace, with the—to me—blessed certainty of that which I had long sought for, the Unity of all Life—the Solidarity of Nature. Never again could I “swiftly shrivel at the thought of God.” I knew in that moment as I may never know again, that I was one with those eternal rocks; that out of my substance was fashioned the everlasting hills, and the waterfall, and the plain, and the valley, and the sunshine, and the birds and the flowers, and the dew drops, and the deeps of the ocean, and all that is; and that outside of me there was room for no God.

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And again last evening, as I lay in my bed out in the open, another such a moment came to me. I had spent the day in the city, returning in the late afternoon, happy to be back in the woods and to get the noise and muck of the Jungle out of my soul. Darkness came softly floating down upon the world after a warm, sunny afternoon and the fire-flies lighted their lanterns out among the trees, turning the woods into fairyland with ten thousand dancing signal flashes. It was one of those sensuous growing nights in early summer, full of the tender glamor of the awakening earth; a night when you feel the very spirit of new life in the air, sweet as the thrill of a young mother when the new-born babe is laid in her arms.

As I looked thru the tree tops at the silent stars a sense of perfect bliss swept over me. I seemed bathed in its radi-

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ance, so lovely, so satisfying. On the wings of the faint evening breeze scarcely stirring the young leaves, came the sweet odors of the new earth, fresh and green after a gentle shower, the smell of the newly turned soil, the spicy sassafras, and the wild flowers. Oh, so delicious!

The young moon came stealing timidly out into the sky; the little Singers of the Wood piped up in shrill treble; the whip-poorwill opened with his solo from the big oak, ending in a duet as his mate came up out of the forest; the frogs boomed in with their diapason, and our woodland orchestra was off in the mazes of a symphony sweeter than any ever written by mortal hands—the divinest harmony it seemed to me, that ever assailed human ears. The music, the perfume of the night, and over all the magic spell of the naissance, Nature's rebirth—Oh, the Joy of it, the beauty,

The Open Road

the peace! Surely—this—was—paradise
—at last—surely—

And I awoke to find the sun shining in my face, while a chesty Sir Robin chided me sharply from a bough overhead for late sleeping.



MOST people distrust their own intelligence and depend entirely upon titles for their authority. "Who is he?" is the first question asked by the human sheep. Is he a Dr., Prof. or Rev.? If so his utterances go for truth without challenge. Their weight being in proportion to the number of front and hind titles. If not, the mightiest truths and most significant teaching is passed by without attention.

It is only the thinking who are not dazzled and blinded by titles, but who are on the lookout for truth from whatever source and in whatever garb it may appear.

The Open Road

Ananias says God doesn't care a dam whether you are good or bad—just be yourself. Jesus could do no more. The least of us should do no less.

WE KNOW but two things in all the Universe—energy and change, and change is but the inevitable aspect of energy.

We know nothing permanent, but change. There are no persistent forms in nature. There are no terms now in language to define death. The very idea is unthinkable in the light of modern revelation. This old earth is a live thing. She's quivering with energy and life in every atom. Incessantly goes on the conflict between the old and new—between the living and the non-living forms. We must abandon our old terms of life and death; organic and inorganic. They are divisions which have no existence in

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nature. The dead is alive. We have only one thing, LIFE, in some form and all life is organic. The old terminology is inadequate, inexact. In the so-called inorganic or fixed world of the old school, change, evolution into species has been constantly at work and is now going on the same as in what we call the animal or plant world.

We live at the dawn of a great age. The greatest this old world has left any record of. The new light is dazzling to our eyes but we must get used to it. Events will follow swiftly now. The tide of human destiny is coming in strong. Man is only just getting his eyes open. He's yet but a babe in the cosmic cradle. What will this babe do when it for the first time opens its eyes to the vision of possibilities now spreading out before it? Is Nietzsche's superman and superwoman about to descend from the clouds and dwell with us?

The Open Road

In the Woods.

THE BIRDS are nearly all here now, and how they do enrich each day with their music! Every tree and bush is just now vocal with the sweet notes of some feathered singer. I think I never saw so many catbirds as we have this season. All day long they sing with tireless joy it seems, from as early as four o'clock in the morning till dark. It would be a sad day at Pigeon-Roost not to hear the catbird's voice, for though we have a hundred other songsters, his notes, rich, various, vivacious, sparkling with pure melody, are heard above them all. Just let two of these rival vocalists sit in neighboring trees and try themselves out, and you have a performance worth going a thousand miles to hear. Our catbirds especially are such delightful singers, so resourceful in repertoire, such trills and shakes and cadenzas, such swift

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rushes of overpowering soul - piercing melody that sometimes I stop in my work and listen with held breath at their music. Again you are suddenly thrilled with a burst of new music from a tree, and you wonder what strange bird has dropped in upon you, but in a moment our jolly joker the catbird gives you his key and you laugh with glee at his pranks, for he never lets you remain long in doubt as to his identity. He will suddenly drop down from a breathless rush of scales and arpeggios to his homely cat-call, just to let you know he has fooled you once more, and then he's off again in the bewildering strains of another song flight that simply ravishes the ear with delight. No matter how well you know him he'll deceive you every day.



Of course the robins are all here too, and already several new broods are out of their nests. But you never can mis-

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take the rich, full-throated, far-carrying voice of the robin. He's one of our sweetest singers.

Then there's the gentle, dainty voice of the wild canary—American goldfinch—of which we have hundreds; the cheerful chirp of the chipping sparrows; and the thrushes and warblers and the bobolink are all here, making the woods ring with their wild sweet notes. Out in Old Walt's leafy branches a Baltimore oriole holds high carnival clucking to himself with great satisfaction.

A red-headed woodpecker beats his devil's tattoo on the tree which supports my rain barrel; Col. Blackbird struts about with his scarlet shoulder straps; on rare occasions I catch a glimpse of the brown thrasher, splendid creature, symphony in brown, flitting through the thicket out in front; while deeper in the woods the scarlet tanager, the red-breasted gross-beak and the cardinals flash like golden beams of sunshine through the trees.

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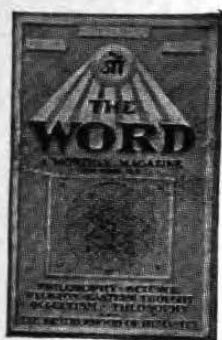
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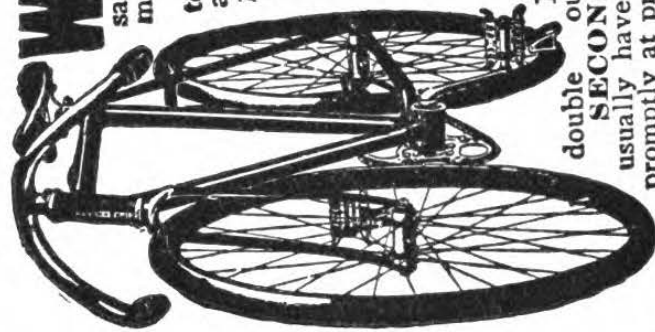
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I have spoken.

Done at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

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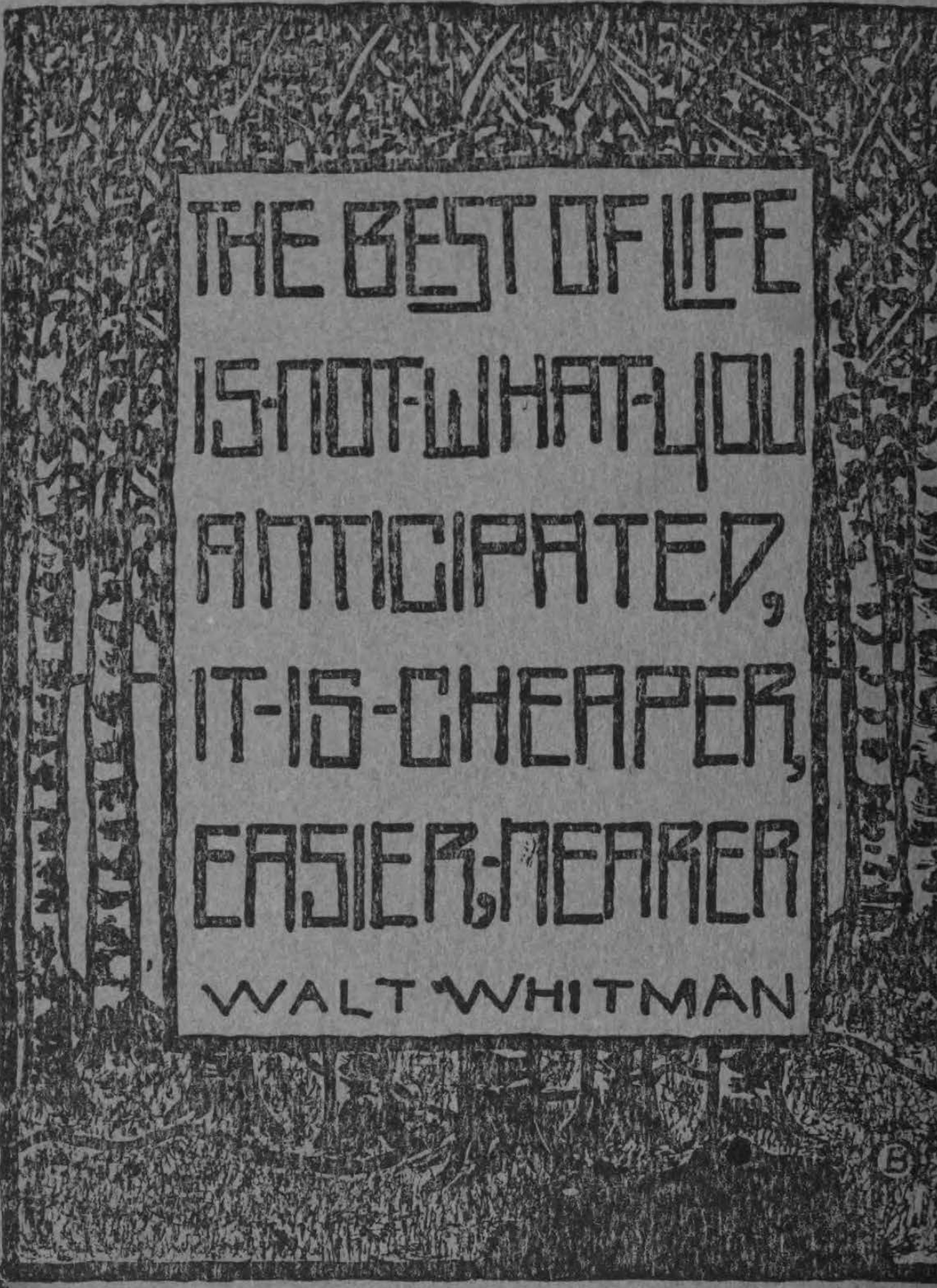
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WALT WHITMAN

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,
Healthy, free, the
world before me,
The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

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Fifty cents a year Ten cents a copy

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Journal of the Society of the

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Published Monthly at

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::: GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA. :::

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Advertising Office, 3118 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ills.

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The Open Road.

Why are there trees I never walk under, but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?

I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and always drop fruit as I pass;

What is it I interchange so suddenly with strangers?

What with some driver, as I ride on the seat by his side?

What with some fisherman, drawing his seine by the shore, as I walk by, and pause?

What gives me to be free to a woman's or man's good will?

What gives them to be free to mine?

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The Open Road

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1909

No. 2

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

A Little Tramp on The Open Road to Roycroft and Back.

LOWER TWO, "ong root," Buffalo to Pigeon-Roost, on the way home from my annual pilgrimage to the Land of the Immortals. I never had a better time, and so while my heart is just bubbling over with the joy of my experiences I must get some of them down on paper for the pleasure, I hope, of many of my readers in our August spread of good things.



These little trips to Philistia, my only relaxation from the harness, grow sweeter to me every year. There I renew old ties of former years and cement many new friend-

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ships which I trust may ripen into love as we become better acquainted. We must find something to love in all we meet. Even the most forbidding of aspect or unpromising in appearance have lovable traits if we only get into their key. We must use our powers of divination—that's the thing—go below the surface—tear away that mask of fear, hardness and cynicism, which convention somehow compels most of us to assume. The good, the sweet is down there somewhere if you but find it. And you owe it to yourself not to be satisfied with the unlovely and repellant in people, when by looking deeper you can sense the beauty which lies hidden more or less secluded in every soul. And often the sweetest meat may be wrapped in the roughest, knurliest shell.

That's the only difference between the seer and the shallow pate. The wise one is literally a see-er. He sees into the heart of

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things, while your small bore intellect sees only surfaces.

You know they tell that old story of the Master in the East, and how he rebuked the students who were turning in disgust from the sight of a dead dog: "But did you not see his beautiful white teeth?" Even in a revolting carcass the eye of discernment saw beauty.



But it is not difficult to love the folks you meet at Roycroft. Such a jolly, lovable, wholesouled bunch they are. Love's fragrant flowers bloom quickly in that genial atmosphere. There's no chance at all for the grouch in that beautiful dining room, around those big oak tables, and that's a fact. He thaws out before the ice cream comes on at the first meal. It's really a kind of forcing school for the affections.

What a place to study the evolution of friendship. It's like seeing the growth of

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a plant from seed to flower, condensed into a few moments by means of the kinetoscope. You meet for the first time at breakfast and you ask your neighbor across the round table in frigid politeness to pass the butter, and before two days you are calling him "Bill," while he wears your extra hickory shirt, and you are henceforth "Joe" to him.

Almost all formality is dispensed with. I hope to see what little remains swept out by the time I go again.

You see people more nearly natural, wholesome and sweet—as sane people ought to be all the time, and as we will be when we learn how to live—at Roycroft I am sure than anywhere else in this false and fussy world.

You get a foretaste of what this moaning, groaning life will be when the true spirit of comradrie has filled the hearts of men.

If you want to see humanity at its best

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go to Roycroft. And if ever in the mad, brutish struggle for existence that surrounds you all the time, you feel the footholds of hope slipping from beneath you, and you are in danger of losing your faith in the race go to the Inn and forget it.



It is not the common sightseeing crowd you meet at Roycroft. Oh, no. They are men and women who carry a high voltage. People who know they are alive. Many have a history as fascinating as any of Balzac's or De Maupassant's creations, and all have done something.

There sits a tall, graceful girl, one of two sisters, conducting a Japanese Cafe and Tea Room, who, starting with nothing but the strength of her own hands, has studied the problem of feeding the public to such good advantage that she will clear ten thousand dollars this year.

Here a bronze faced man just in from a

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trip away up in the Cobalt region, that new Eldorado of the romantic Hudson Bay country. Without experience and with almost no tools he made a canoe of canvas stretched over a few sticks, and with this frail barge weighing less than a good fat poodle, but with a tonnage of four hundred pounds, he made his way down thru hundreds of miles of unknown rivers, safely shooting dangerous rapids, back to civilization without a single mishap.

Close by sits a slender, vivacious little woman who penetrated the wilds of darkest Africa alone and unattended save only by her native black servants, facing the terrors of the jungle both beast and human with no protection but her own delicate hands and intrepid spirit. This blue eyed girl, besides whom I believe only one other white woman ever crossed the dark continent alone, blazed the way for Terrible Teddy the Slaughterer, who will follow her trail with

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a small army corps of retainers. But the girl did not go on a mission of blood. She shot with nothing more lethal than a rapid firing camera. And she comes back not bearing as trophies the skulls and hides of inoffensive children of the jungle, killed in bloody sport, but the most fascinating collection of African photographs ever exhibited.

And not far away stands a modest little man, a writer famed in two continents for his books, which have amused and helped a generation of readers.

Here a shaggy man with pensive luminous eyes dressed in a butternut suit and red necktie, who is giving his life to the service of humanity—seeking to lift the burdens that bear so hard upon those who do the world's work—the wage earners.

Next to him a mild scholarly gentleman whose recent defection from orthodox stupidity shook the church in America to her very foundation stones.

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There a great artist whose pictures hang in the famous galleries of the world. Just now he is telling a story, an art of which he is also a past master.

And so you could continue pointing them out. All people worth knowing. Musicians, poets, painters, actors, sculptors, captains of industry, and last but not least I trust, a few plain hobos from the woods like me and Ananias.

It was a joy to meet so many Open Roaders, good and true. Scarcely a day but they dropped in, members of the Brotherhood from all parts of our country, and even from across the seas.

The Roycrofters have secured a new tract of seventy-five acres across the creek from the spring. It is a beautiful domain of wooded slopes running down to the banks of the raging Cazenovia. And up here set in a charming tangle of wildwood, the most picturesque corner of the whole park, they

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have built the coziest little cabin to accommodate those who yearn to lead the simple life. The building was hardly finished when I arrived, but the Fra in the goodness of his heart, knowing my love for the woods, placed it at my disposal during my stay. So we hastily furnished it with cook stove, cots, and housekeeping needs. I moved in almost upon the heels of the carpenters, and there I lived in sweet content and joy.

The place is really an ideal nook for the nature lover. I think there are few prettier spots in all that beautiful country around East Aurora. It is only a mile and a half from the Inn. To retire to that quiet retreat at night after the intellectual riot of the day and evening made up of lectures, recitals, concerts; to sleep in that delicious peace; to wake in the morning with the birds; and then to run down to the creek for a swim in its cool waters at early dawn clothed only

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in a smile of satisfaction was indeed a joy too deep for words.

When I awoke the first morning in the woods to the familiar tones of my old friend the catbird, I thot for a moment I was back in my own dear Pigeon-Roost. They have all the song birds that we have in Indiana, and some I have never heard at the Roost; among them being the lovely vireo.



So on July 4th we dedicated the little cabin, Pigeon-Roost. The boys down in the shop prepared a handsome carved panel which you will find nailed beside the door as you enter, "The Pigeon-Roost." Just below the house on the sloping bank of a ravine stands a stately hemlock, under whose spreading branches we improvised a very charming little auditorium with seats for two or three hundred people. Hither daily journeyed the faithful on foot from the Inn, and here I gave to them the best I had to give on Right Living.

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I may say that I never so thoroly enjoyed talking, for those who came brought their best to each meeting and they drew out the best I could furnish to meet it. Other speakers also favored us at Pigeon-Roost sessions, and I am sure some of the most profitable hours of the whole convention were spent out there under the trees threshing out the knotty problems of life.

When you visit Roycroft don't fail to go to Pigeon-Roost. Drink from the spring nearby and key your heart to the sylvan beauty of this place dedicated forever to the Philosophy of Joy, and the Religion of Right Living. You'll be the better for it.



And what about the heart and brain back of all the Roycroft ideals and institutions? Bless me, I had almost forgotten to mention the Hubbards at all! None are so little in evidence as they.

THE OPEN ROAD

The Fra seems to grow stronger, gentler and more serene as the years go by. You cannot doubt when you look into his face that he has found the Great Peace. And I think he is just entering upon the greatest period of his life. Miriam is growing like a green bay tree, fast budding into strong and sweet womanhood. And Alice—well, no one with an imagination can stay long at Roycroft without being aware of the steady pull of that gentle and serene spirit back of it all. Albeit she rules with a masterly touch that is felt rather than seen.

If discipline exists at Roycroft, and it must or things could not run so smoothly, it is that combination of silken softness with iron firmness which only the very strong are capable of.



Roycroft is the intellectual clearing house of the world. If Elbert Hubbard had never written a line or thrilled an audience he

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would still be one of the greatest benefactors of the age simply for bringing together year after year such a gathering of intellectuals as annually convene at East Aurora, and for maintaining the Roycroft free platform where any human being who has a message without regard to race, color, sex, or previous condition of mental servitude, may speak out his heart to the most receptive and intelligent audiences the world affords.

Here they gather—the poets, painters, musicians, artists of every craft, socialists, anarchists, single taxers, prohis, and antis; the orthodox and the free thinkers, new thought, old thought, and science people; health cranks, diet fiends, breath cranks; the suffragists, and the antis; captains of industry and the proletariat; Jew and Gentile, Orientals and Occidentals; from every corner of the wide world they come. And here if anywhere on earth the spirit of democ-

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racy rules. Here you see that sane kindly intercourse between man and man of which Whitman dreamed, where love, brotherhood, comradrie is the keynote.

All are welcome to the Roycroft Forum, and all will receive a respectful hearing if they can make good with the audience. Even fossilized theologians are heard patiently in the hope that some pearls of thot may be spewed up amid all the chaff.

If you have a message for humanity, or think you have, try it out at Roycroft. You'll find the quickest, most receptive crowd you ever faced. They'll understand you there if anywhere. They are not of the class that are fleeing from themselves, but people with phosphorus. They're not looking for a thrill, but are in search of mental fibre and soul tissue. If you do not get a response from them you may be pretty sure you have mistaken your symptoms.



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But, dear me, while I have been so happily busy the afternoon has slipped away, the shadows of evening are lengthening, and now comes Gawge who insists upon putting me to bed so soon. Well, so be it then. If the man out there on that engine tearing thru the night is faithful to his trust, I'll be at Pigeon-Roost at seven o'clock tomorrow morning.

And so here endeth the little Journey to Roycroft.

Motto for parents: Do unto your children as you wish your parents had done to you.

The Chicago Daily News recommends golf, baseball, tennis, cricket, polo and croquet as useful exercises to prevent insanity.

These may be all very well, but I would like to put in a word for the woodpile and the hoe handle, as conservators of mental balance.

THE OPEN ROAD

Be yourself. Follow the Light within. You'll make mistakes of course, but you'll be right a part of the time, while you'll never be right so long as you follow the dictates and opinions of others.

DON'T BE TOO impatient with the knockers. Don't get into the very bad habit of berating the critics. Often the so-called pessimist is the most active and constructive optimist.

Tearing down is essentially constructive in its nature. It is the first step in building up. Every synthesis is preceded by analysis. What man attempts to erect a new building over the old one first, and then to remove the old afterwards? Nature nowhere works that way. She is forever a destroyer, an analyst. Earth does not know a single stable structure. The seed must rot before it can germinate into new life. If you do not first destroy, disintegrate your

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wheat grain, you will never have another head of wheat.

You must remove the old and the worn out, the inadequate, before you can replace it with the new and sufficient. Old and new cannot, by reason of that very inconvenient law in physics, occupy the same place at the same time.

What must you do first to reconstruct a faulty organism, to replace error with truth? Will the imperfect bad give way of its own accord? Will error kindly vacate the premises and clean up for the new tenant? Hardly. The crumbling ruin must be torn down. The old tenant must be dispossessed, dragged out by heels if necessary, before you can enter.

You'd have a nice mess if you tried to move into your new flat as the other people are moving out. You'd both get stuck in the doorway and neither would get out or in.

Those who rail at the iconoclast and howl

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down the destroyer because he isn't a builder are short-focused in their judgments. They see only part of the process and are unable to imagine the rest. They do not know constructive work when they see it.

Nature is destroying all the time. The very first thing that happens to food when it is taken into the stomach, in the process of transforming it into blood plasma, is disintegration—the most complete analysis possible. Suppose your objector could see food in this first stage of digestion, when everything is being torn apart and reduced to its elements, he would cry out against the intelligences of the body for their destructive work; and yet nature would be proceeding in her orderly manner, in the only way she can work, beginning her constructive processes with disintegration, breaking down.

Let us not inveigh too seriously against the knocker. He is first aid to progress. We could not get on without him. To suppress

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him is to inhibit all forward movement. That's why the Church is today limping along in the rear of the procession a tattered and discredited laggard—she has always suppressed her knockers. She is a cave full of dead men's bones and rotting flesh because Nature's orderly modes have been suspended. She hugs the corpse of her ancient faith to her shriveled breast, not seeing the lovely new violets and roses that would spring from it if allowed to return to the elements as is Nature's will.

Human life begins and ends in a breath. It is thru the understanding of the breath principle that we shall probably elongate into immortality.

Editors, writers and speakers are welcome to anything printed in the OPEN ROAD. But for godsake remember the widow and the orphan and give us credit.

THE OPEN ROAD

Welcome to the Tribe of Ghourki.

This month witnesses the migration of a whole tribe of painted braves and little brown squaws from the ancient hunting grounds of the tribe of THE GHOURKI into the broad OPEN ROAD. In short the Big Chief who has been shooting out asbestos stuff for many years, thru his little brown journal The Ghourki, has grown tired of the game. He has enough to do anyway with a big printing plant on his hands.

Besides, they do say that Moocha Saba, chief of the Satelites, grown arrogant on his success, organized himself into a striking committee, and refused to yield up any more copy unless the Big Chief doubled his salary, reduced his hours to one-half, and put him on a pension for life after this year.

The Chief, being naturally of hot temper, blew off his safety valve and I understand they had a terrible row. The smoke of the disagreement lowered for days over

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Morgantown's classic lanes. Window-panes rattled, and the town hall was moved eleven inches from its foundation. But Moocha Saba stood pat, and the Chief, being deprived of his literary inspiration, was forced to lie down or turn the whole plant over to Moocha. This he wouldn't do, and so, while smarting from his wrongs, he opened negotiations with the OPEN ROAD, with the result that we are taking over his subscription list, and will try to guide the tribe safely along the Open Road to their new hunting grounds, where I hope life will be so sweet they will soon forget their ancestral wigwams.

I can't promise the painted braves any such sulphurous stuph as the Chief has been excreting, because in the first place Lake County has gone dry. And besides I am congenitally a baptist with methodist habits. But such as I have you are welcome to. I hope will like me. I love you all, both braves and squaws—especially squaws.

THE OPEN ROAD

And now, you dusty veterans of the Open Road, be good to these wild children of the Great Kanawha. They are now our brothers and our sisters. Take them into your councils; light the pipe of peace, and let us ever remember that all who meet in the Open Road are comrades. We all came from the same source and we're all going in the same direction. Let love join our hands and brotherhood bind our hearts, as we pass on to higher planes of progression unto which there is no end.

I have said.

BRUCE CALVERT,

Keeper of the Shrine.

Attest: Ananias.

Everything is immortal and nothing is immortal. The dogma of the immutability of nature must go. Nature knows no immutability. She knows only one changeless thing and that is change.

THE OPEN ROAD

Howard Llewellyn Swisher, Editor

The Ghourki

That Peculiar Little Brown Book

Morgantown, W. Va.

**To the Loyal Braves and Little Brown
Squaws:**

This is to announce that the Little Brown Book is no more. It is with regret that the Chief makes this announcement, but circumstances have made it necessary to discontinue the booklet.

I have made arrangements with that good fellow, Bruce Calvert, to send you the OPEN ROAD for the unexpired time of your subscription. I want to urge you to renew your subscription to the OPEN ROAD after it has expired under the arrangements made. You will find it a splendid little magazine and Calvert deserves support. You will find some of the Chief's sayings in the OPEN ROAD.

T H E O P E N R O A D

To those Braves and Little Brown Squaws who for five or six years have been able to read the Ghourki without serious results, I extend my heartiest good wishes. It is like parting from my old friends to discontinue the Little Brown Book. It is the Chief's hope that those who have gotten an idea from the Ghourki will pass it on to their neighbors.

With best wishes from the Hills,

Most truly,

THE CHIEF.

GET UP AND GET.

Get an acre and live on it.

Get a spade and dig.

Get off the backs of the workers.

Get the shirkers off your back.

Get honest.

Get busy.

—Geo. Elmer Littlefield.

T H E O P E N R O A D

Health and Diet Hints.

The ideal food for August if you would give nature a chance is fresh ripe fruit and vegetables. Dispense with pies, cakes, meat and cheese, except cottage cheese, till cooler weather. Let coffee alone, too, this month. If you need a hot drink use hot lemon water. Eat freely of melons, and all the fruits and vegetables as they come in.

It's a good thing to take as many garden products as you can relish, raw. Even if you cannot make a meal this way, eat a handful of green peas, or even tender crisp beans now and then. Turnips, carrots, parsley, spinach, and green corn are delicious in the raw state. I like to make a meal this way walking thru my garden.



Air the body as much as possible, especially after a day's work. It helps you to relax. Take your sun bath whenever you

T H E O P E N R O A D

can. And do not neglect the early dew walks in bare feet.

Remember, too, that right mental attitude is most powerfully therapeutic and prophylactic. It is difficult for any amount of care in diet or attention to the body to overcome a waterlogged mentality. If you can find no reason for being glad you're alive, then you are surely excusable if you snuff out. One man with gloom in his soul and grouch in his blood poisons the air for many with his deadly effluvia. If you have nothing to live for, at least have consideration for those who do want to live. Take yourself off to a cave and pull the cave in after you.



Above all, go slow. Let up. Relax and breathe out a good deal. Tension destroys body and mind. Relieve tension and you give nature a chance to rid you of your ailments.

THE OPEN ROAD

August is the month to get rid of things; to throw off the last of winter's accumulation of poisons and get the body fit for another fall and winter. A barefoot walk in hot sand is a good eliminator.

All we have to do in diet selection is to remember our first rule laid down in these talks—and follow the seasons. Eat the things that nature is producing in the most abundance in the country in which you live. In other words eat the things that are cheapest. Don't pay big prices for fruit and vegetables out of season. You rob your purse and cheat your stomach, for food taken out of season does you no good.

Let up on nuts, oils, pork chops, and all heating foods in general. Throw your greasy cabbage and embalmed beef into the swill pail. Raw vegetable salads with whole wheat bread, or gems baked in a quick oven makes one good meal. For the next meal use a fruit salad.

THE OPEN ROAD

For cold drinks between meals, take buttermilk or lemon milk—made by beating the juice of a lemon into a glass of fresh milk—or lemonade without sugar. Fruit juices are the best drinks. Of course you will drink nothing at all while eating. Habit has the best of us here, but we must overcome it.

If doing heavy work eggs may be taken soft boiled or poached, but eat onions with them for best effects.

A salad of grated beets, or grated carrots, chopped cucumbers, and a few small onions cut fine, served with lemon juice and olive oil on fresh crisp lettuce leaves is a dish for the gods. Tomatoes will soon be plentiful, and they may be used as the basis for salad combinations.



But be moderate in all things, especially in eating and drinking, also in work. Let down a little. Live and sleep outdoors as much as possible, and you'll come thru the dog days in fine shape.

THE OPEN ROAD

I have to thank those who so generously and promptly responded to Proposition Extraordinaire. By the time this is read, the first circle of one hundred Immortals will no doubt be closed. Only a few remain at this writing. This remarkable offer served our purpose and will never be repeated.

Fear Not!

FEAR NOT, O SOUL! God is with you always. The forces of nature acting upon us and thru us are constant. The currents of divine energy are never interrupted. The circuit is never broken. The sun is always shining. We may experience changes, disappointments, shocks; the clouds may seem to shut us away from the light; but it is only because we ourselves are not constant in our responsiveness to the impulses of nature. We do not react as we should. We tense and inhibit the life currents forever seeking to flow thru us. We

THE OPEN ROAD

get stubborn and impatient. We strike out blindly and lose our resiliency. And then we cry out that God has forsaken us. Luck is against us.

And this attitude of rebellion does indeed shunt the currents of divine truth away from us. But the fault is in us all the time. The clouds are of our own making. The storms of passion in our hearts rise and fall, but there behind it all the stream of life flows steadily on, unmoved by human griefs or joys.

The water of life is forever lapping at our feet if we will but stoop and drink.

All the good of the universe is forever in arm's reach if we will but put forth our hands and take it.

Relax, O storm-tossed soul! Get back your lost rhythm. Every struggle only tears greater rents in the gossamer web of your life which you must knit up in grief and pain. Be still! Be patient! All is well.

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Your own will come to you all in good time. Only yourself can hinder its coming. Fearlessly throw yourself upon the bosom of the Infinite. Trustingly yield yourself to the divine flood. You will not sink if you cease struggling, but will regain your poise, find your center of gravity, and float in beauty upon the stream.

Dr. Willard Carver, president of the Carver-Denny Chiropractic College, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, says that "The medical practice of administering drugs has laid a curse upon the race, instilled a poison into the blood of humanity that will take five thousand years to wholly eradicate."

Yet the dope factories are still running and the medicos are still looking wise and writing prescriptions in hog Latin. Oh, when will this Orangeine civilization of ours ever pass!

WRITERS AND THINKERS ON THE OPEN ROAD.

Your magazine is certainly unique and savors of all that is good, pure and wholesome. It is a great thing to be in the OPEN ROAD. We are with you. Here's my hand wishing you prosperity and happiness.

R. LEE SHARP, Carrollton, Ga.

Bruce T. Calvert:

"The OPEN ROAD" came yesterday and the beautiful and wholesome thoughts in it kept me happy the whole day long—and of course will linger with me, so I must thank you for the same.

R. E. PEARSON, Baltimore, Md.

I want to congratulate you upon your bright, cheering and inspiring little magazine. It comes to us every month like a breath of life. My daughter is very fond of the OPEN ROAD. She is taking the kinder-garten training course in college and gets much inspiration for her work out of the magazine. Wishing you and all Open Roaders the joy of the journey through the beautiful land of the OPEN ROAD, I am,

Sincerely your comrade, ALICE M. SAUNDERS,

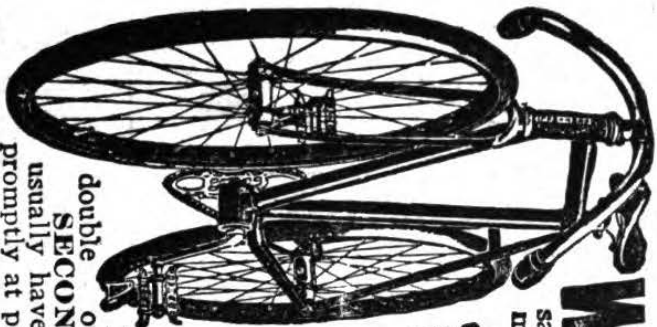
Tallahassee, Fla.

Copy of the OPEN ROAD has just come to my hands. Woman like, I stopped washing the dishes to read your magazine. I did not return to the dishes so very soon either for that little journey through the country was what I needed. I must be with you on that tramp and so enclose the fare for a year.

STELLA WORDEN SMITH, Niagara Falls, Ont.

This morning I sat on the Sunday papers and read every number of "The OPEN ROAD" from "Kiver to Kiver," ads and all. And when I had read them all, I was hungry for more. Here's success to you, and to your family along the OPEN ROAD. "May you live long and prosper."

Sincerely yours, MARIETTA OWEN, Oak Park, Ill.



WANTED--A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN

sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. *Write for full particulars and special offer at once.*

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. *without a cent deposit* in advance, *freight prepaid*, and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL** during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and *you will not be out one cent.*

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone at any price* until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of *factory prices* and *remarkable special offers* to **dealer agents.**

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the *wonderfully low prices* we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. **BICYCLE DEALERS,** you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the usual retail prices.*

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it **NOW.**

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

PRACTICAL METHODS TO INSURE SUCCESS

**Price 25 Cents—Is a Little
Book of 127 Pages.**

**By H. E. BUTLER
THE PUBLISHER'S
PROSPECTUS**

We claim that if you will read this little book you will agree that it contains more practical bread-and-butter worth, greater human helpfulness, more direct bearing upon individual requirements and a greater fulfillment of your fondest hopes than all else you have read and learned. Those who follow these methods with even moderate faithfulness will never be sick or in want. It is not a theory nor a mere probability; it is a certainty, and the results are Happiness, Success, Long Life. But let that pass for the present; it is sufficient at the outset to assure you of just, valuable compensation for your money. We want men and women of high aspirations to respond to this—refined, mature natures, of experience, culture, judgment, as well as the poor and illiterate; for it is a life message to human nature and its power for advancement is unprecedented. If you are not satisfied that you have received ten times the value of your money return the book at any time and we will refund the money and postage expended.

Price 25 cents. With Open Road for one year, 60 cents.

THE OPEN ROAD

Griffith, Indiana

R. F. D. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Man and Creation.

God created man only a little lower than the angels; but dogma and superstition have crushed from him the greatest of his given faculties—and a mouldering Church harps of his "worm-of-the-dust-depravity."

Man has the Power **WITHIN** himself to inbuild into his character riches, happiness, and health. It is his to choose between godliness and sin. The time is **NOW**.

A 4-cent stamp will bring all information concerning "White Magic."

**PHILOSOPHICAL PUB. CO.,
Allentown, Pa.**

THE higher law is binding upon the salesman. He must not only get the order, but must also see that the customer gets satisfaction. The transaction is not ended with the delivery of the goods.

FRA BRUCE.

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

LET any question, from the price of a President's pajamas to the monogamy of Society, be raised, and in a moment a dozen pishmince periodicals skip serenely into the spot-light with announcements of a "series of special articles dealing with this all-absorbing topic." Such publications arrange to entirely eliminate all doubt on any subject by printing three muck-rake articles of Power (circulation-boosting power). The mud-slinger easily exhausts the subject in Three Issues. Men and women who **think** do not find even antipractical amusement in these illustrated inanities. **Thinkers** want **thoughts**, not vagrant vacuities.

REAL AUTHORITIES ON PSYCHOLOGY

Spiritual Mediumship and Hypnotism, delve and experiment for years to deduce Vital Ideas, and Undiscovered Truths. Wise men do not entrust the propagation and perpetuation of their knowledge to Second-Class Mail Matter. They incorporate their discoveries into Books—Books which will live and voice their teachings to unborn generations. Individuals interested in **Psychical Research, Exact Science and Moral Philosophy** will find in

"THE GREAT WORK"

a most comprehensive and exhaustive discussion of The Constructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life, and

"THE GREAT PSYCHOLOGICAL CRIME"

the most complete and reliable exposition of the Law of **psychic phenomena**. The price of these books to **OPEN ROADERS** is Two Dollars each, mailed on receipt of Price.

INDO-AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY,

19 North Kedzie Avenue, Chicago Ill.

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

Don't Miss This

Clubbing Offer Number 2.

The Philistine, one year \$1.00
The Open Road, " "50

Both for One Dollar.

These two mags assay 99 and 99 onehundredths per cent pure mental fibre and soul tissue. . With them you have the best of all that is worth while in contemporary literature. And all for one daddy dollar. Send it along microbes and all. We have our own private disinfecting plant.

Don't delay. Do it today.

THE OPEN ROAD.
Griffith, Indiana.

R. F. D., No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

TAKE A 12 MONTHS' TRAMP ALONG

The Open Road

A SANE SWEET-TONED LITTLE MAGAZINELET OF FAITH

Journal of the Society of The Universal Brotherhood of Man

Published at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Devoted to the Philosophy of Joy and the Religion of Right Living.

For Mental Constipation and Brain Fag. Recommended by Regular and Irregular Physicians and Christian Psychologists. One Dose every Thirty Days for Twelve Months, 50 cents.

Painless Cure Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

"We have no cemetery, not even a graveyard at Pigeon-Roost. No preacher (except myself), no lawyer and the nearest doctor, Thank God, is seven miles away. Why shouldn't we be happy?"

Close to the Soil. The Songs of Happy Birds and the Scent of the Wild Roses in its Pages. Fifty cents pays the fare for a whole year.

Trial Trip, 3 Months, 10 cents. Stamps or Coin, our risk.

BRUCE CALVERT, Editor and Publisher

GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA

R F D No. 1

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods

LECTURES

By
BRUCE CALVERT

The Open Road.
The Religion of Right Living.
Intuitional or Inspirational Knowing.
An Evening with Omar Khayyam.
An Evening with Walt Whitman.
Sex Ethics, Right Generation, and Eugenics.
The Food Question—Rational Dietary.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in the Philadelphia North American

The New Thoughtists got their First Lesson in Right Living in the Roycroft Chapel this evening. Bruce Calvert, of Chicago, who is here to reveal it in a series of six lectures, and who is a mighty earnest and honest devotee, by the way, explained some of it to a chapel full of people this morning. Then he put the whole crowd through the first of the breathing exercises, by means of which he says it is possible to absorb the essential truths of all the systems of religion, philosophy, science and sociology that have been invented or otherwise procured.

According to Mr. Calvert, nothing in the line of escaped truth, from Plato to Hubbard, or from Zoroaster to Christ, is impossible to those who breathe the right way. "All good is in the human body of man," he declared, "and all we have to do is unroll it and develop it through proper breathing. There is nothing outside the human body. If man is the final product of the laws of evolution, working through the years, the cumulation of all powers, potentialities and forces in the universe, then where in God's name can you look for anything but in the human being." After the singing Mr. Calvert, spoke modestly and sincerely about life and its philosophy. He said: "The most of us are so hypnotized we look to theologians alone for truth, whereas all we get from them is opinions."

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

BOOKS WORTH READING

The Mind and the Brain. By Prof. Elmer Gates. Paper 25 cts, cloth 50 cts. Prof. Gates' fame as a student of mind operations is world-wide. In this book he presents matter of great worth on the development of the mind and the brain.

Yoga, or Transformation. By Wm. J. Flagg. A new book; contains the essence of the principal religious systems of the world, concerning the soul and its destiny. A large book, 376 pages, cloth \$3.00.

The Ocean of Theosophy. By Wm. Q. Judge. A clear-cut and general statement as to the nature and work of theosophy by one of the founders of the society. 155 pages, paper 50 cts., cloth 75 cts.

Reincarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. 350 pages, cloth \$1.50. An interesting study of the fascinating subject of reincarnation.

The Memory of the Past Births. By Chas. Johnson, M. R. A. S. Paper 25 cts., cloth 50 cts. A readable companion to the foregoing book on Reincarnation.

The Bhagavad-Gita. Book of Devotion. A dialogue between Krishna, Lord of Devotion, and Arjuna, Prince of India. Translated by Wm. Q. Judge. Pocket size, flexible leather, 75 cts.

Pythagoras and the Delphic Mysteries. By Edouard Schure. Cloth \$1.50. Deeply interesting work for the student of the mystic.

The Sermon on the Mount. A verbatim translation from the Greek with notes on the mystical or Arcane sense. By Jas. M. Pryse. Cloth 60 cents.

Mazdaznan Encyclopedia of Dietetics. By Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish, founder of the Mazdaznan movement in America. Oil cloth \$1.00. This is perhaps the best work ever written to aid in food selection and the preparation of meatless dishes.

Health and Breath Culture. By Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish. Contains the twelve lessons in health and breath which constitutes the preliminary course in the Mazdaznan system of training. Cloth \$5.00. Well worth the price.

Any book in this list sent postpaid on receipt of price. Order from the **OPEN ROAD**, Griffith, Indiana., R. F. D. No.1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

JOIN THE SOCIETY OF The Universal Brotherhood of Man.

An Organization without Organizers. A Society without Props and Stays. An Institution Founded on and Perpetuated by the Dear Love of Man for his Comrade.

Abridged Extract from the Constitution and By-Laws.—Exoteric.

Membership fee 50 cts. a year: less than one cent a week, including subscription to the OPEN ROAD, the official organ of the Society. Life membership, with paid-up subscription to the OPEN ROAD for ninety-nine years, \$10.00. No other dues or assessments, forever.

(**Note.**—You don't have to subscribe to the magazine to become a member of the Society, but you'll feel better if you do, and so will the editor.)

Eligibility—All men and all women who feel their kinship to the race are invited.

Initiation—Greet the next traveler you meet on the Open Road with a smile and a hearty handshake, and send fifty cents to the Shrine of the Society for a year's subscription to the official Journal.

Grip—The warm, healthy grasp of true friendship.

Password and Countersign—"Howd'y, Comrade," and a sweet smile of kindly, human interest.

Creed—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

Ritual—Doing our daily work the best we can, and doing it cheerfully, kindly. Living our lives sanely and sweetly.

Litany—The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

Duties of Members—Live up to your highest and best every day. Learn to stand alone (as far as possible), and mind your own business (most of the time). Recognize the Divine in every man and woman you meet. Smile and be kind.

Punishments and Penalties—We punish ourselves only. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it.

Purpose—To encourage the sentiment for right living, and to express in our lives that beautiful spirit of Brotherhood and love for one another, which is to solve all human problems bringing about peace on earth and good will to all men.

How to Become Member—Smile, and send half a dollar with your name and address for membership card and subscription to the OPEN ROAD for one year.

I have spoken.

Done at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

Headquarters and Shrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, in the Northwest Quarter of Section 32, Township 36, Range 8 West of the Principal Meridian.

By BRUCE CALVERT, Keeper of the Shrine.

Attest: ANANIAS.

WE NEED YOU. Come with us in our tramp along **THE OPEN ROAD.** Subscription and membership in the Brotherhood fifty cents a year. Life membership and subscription, \$10.00.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Vol. I. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year.....	\$1.00
Vol. II. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year.....	1.00
Both Volumes and two years' subscription.....	2.00

Better come thru now while the bars are down. The supply of bound volumes is by no means unlimited. Speak right soon, or you may never add these little treasures of joy and inspiration to your collection.

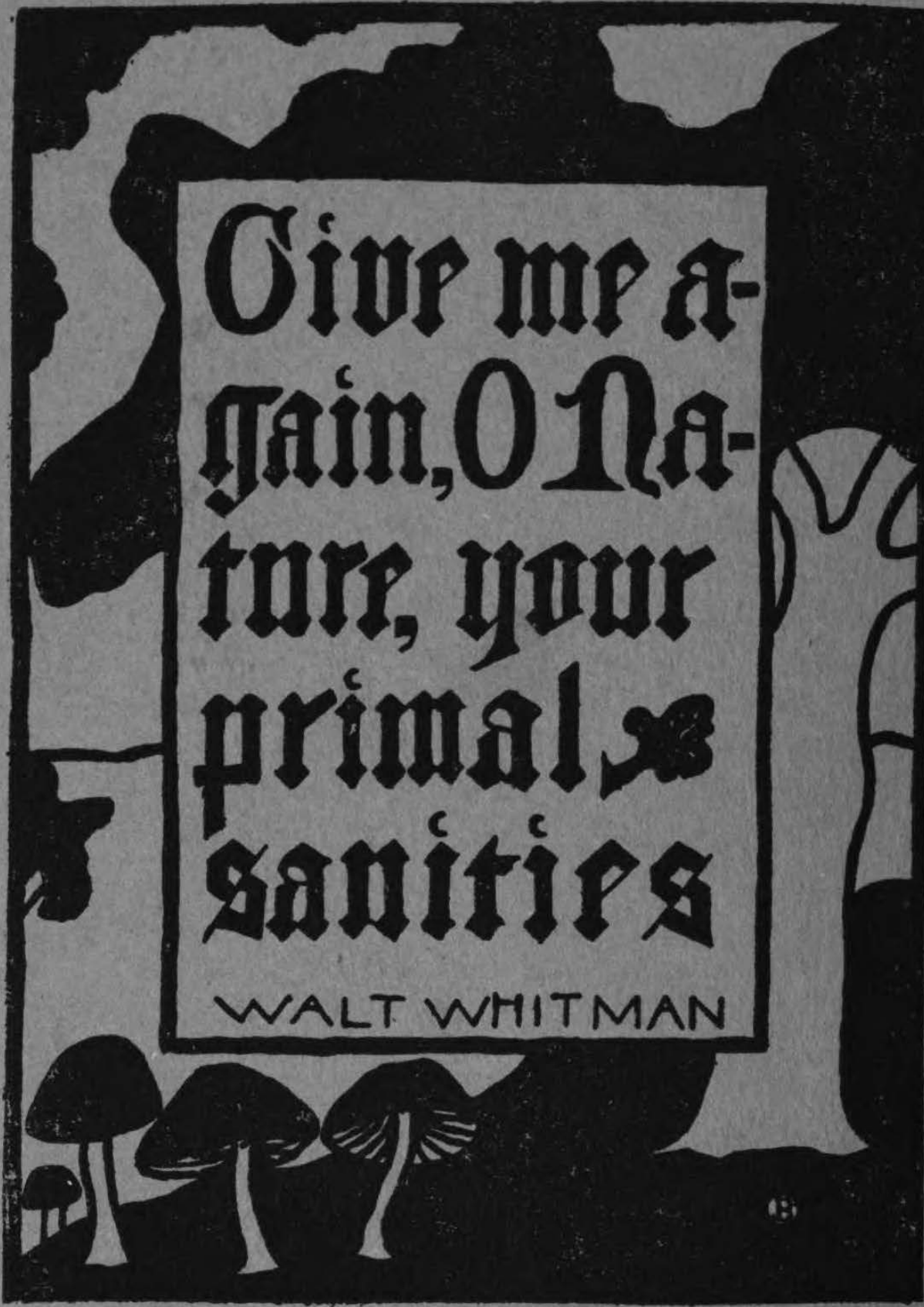
Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

OPEN ROAD PLATFORM

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOY and THE RELIGION OF RIGHT LIVING

To which end we want first of all perfect health; then to stand alone (as far as possible) and mind our own business (most of the time); to find our greatest Joys not in vain pursuit of wealth or power, but in a deeper understanding and love of nature; to grow back to the soil as we have grown away from it; to cultivate the homely virtues of economy, thrift, simplicity, neighborly love, with a large hearted sympathy for all men and women, especially those reeling under the burdens of life; to learn the noble dignity of doing for ourselves, rising above the degrading habit of being waited upon; to live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action; to work and to think; to live, love, laugh and to play.

Well, isn't that enough for a start? Are you with us? 50c and a smile will let you in for a whole year. Better see Ananias at once.

The text is enclosed in a rectangular frame. The background of the entire page is decorated with a dark, stylized border. On the left and right sides, there are silhouettes of leaves and branches. At the bottom, there are several stylized mushrooms with dark caps and light-colored stems.

Give me a-
gain, O Na-
ture, your
primal &
sanities

WALT WHITMAN

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*Afoot and light-
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me,*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose.*

— Old Walt

Printed as often as possible and
mailed monthly to members in good
standing only, by the Guild at
PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS-INDIANA

Fifty cents a year Ten cents a copy

The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Published Monthly at

Pigeon-Roost-In-The-Woods, Indiana.

Subscription and Membership in the Brotherhood 50 Cents a Year. Life Membership and Subscription \$10.00.

Remittances in gold, silver or copper accepted with alacrity. Stamps and personal checks received with joy. Don't bother to buy a Money Order. Just drop half a dollar (or a William for two) into an envelope and send it on. All remittances mailed to THE OPEN ROAD are especially protected by Providence—and Uncle Sam. We take all the risk.

Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged nickels taken at face value. Confederate money 95 per cent discount.

If none of the above are at hand, send on your subscription anyway and pay later. All we want is your promise to read our dope, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

The Open Road

::: **GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA.** :::

R. F. D. No. 1. Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

Advertising Office, 3118 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Rates on Application.

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Original from
INDIANA UNIVERSITY



The Open Road

I BELIEVE in you my soul, the other I am must not
abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other.
Loafe with me on the grass, loose the stop from your throat
Not words, nor music or rhyme I want, not custom or
lecture, not even the best,
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valved voice.

—Walt Whitman.

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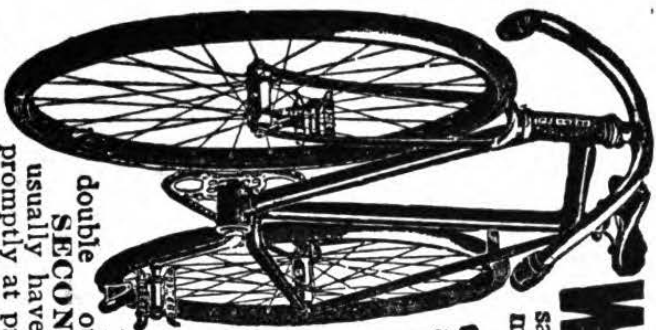
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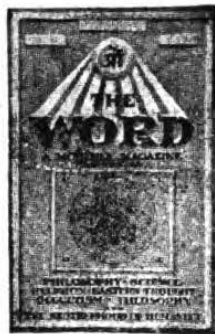
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The Open Road

VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. 3

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

Rational Therapy.

By WALTER E. ELFRINK, D. O.

The man who becomes weaned from drugs is very likely to develop a sort of bottle-phobia. He does not believe that anything good can come out of a bottle, in which sentiment he somewhat resembles the prohibitionist who refuses to countenance grape-juice of the unfermented kind. He refuses to distinguish between the things which are drugs and the things which are not drugs. But the hygienic physician who deals conscientiously with all classes of sick people, especially those with acute troubles, will soon recognize the need of revising his creed. Not that he will be driven to use drugs—altho some short sighted people are weak

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enough even for that—but he will see that even hygienic medicine has its limitations and that patients do not always get well when it seems as though they ought to do so a la Tilden, Page and Latson. This matter of occasional failures, to which even these doctors confess will drive him if he is of the right sort to study everything that offers any reasonable hope of help. He knows very well that he loses far fewer cases in proportion than does his drug dispensing brother, but for all that it hurts to see a case go down when you think it ought to get well.



Now there are two broad principles upon which the scientific rational practice of the healing art must rest. I am speaking now particularly of the physical aspect of the art. How these processes may be influenced by super-physical methods, I do not propose to discuss at any length here. Not that I discount their importance, but that I have not the time nor space to fit them into the scheme

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of this paper. There is no doubt that all the physical processes can be profoundly influenced by **some** of the mental or super-physical methods in use. But everything can not be done in this way and if we grasp the principle I shall try to bring out, we will see why this is so.

Heat will influence chemical change, but it will not at ordinary temperatures produce a reaction between elements which are **not** there. And so mental methods will influence the activities of the body but they cannot produce necessary chemical reactions unless the proper elements are in the body to be utilized.

Mental methods may profoundly influence the healing process, but the most irrational of psycho-therapists would not attempt to reduce a fracture or dislocation by his own peculiar methods. **After** the mechanical correction has been made, then it is quite proper, although not often necessary,

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to use the psychic methods. And **after** you have the right materials in the test tube, it is quite proper to use **heat** (or your **will**) to promote the reaction.



The physical basis of the healing art rests then upon two broad general principles. These principles are those of mechanics and chemistry.

The body is both a machine and a laboratory and it carries within it its own dynamo or power producing apparatus.

Now if we apply the principles of the mechanic and the chemist to our problem we will arrive at certain conclusions and if we are careful to keep all our factors in sight we will not go very far astray.

Let us consider the first of these principles. The body as a machine embraces all the principles of mechanics as found in its levers, braces, arches, trusses, pulleys, belts, stays, guides, joints and tubes. All these are fitted together in order in a comparatively

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perfect structure with a frame-work of admirable construction upon which the complete mechanism depends for its integrity.

It is obvious, or at least it ought to be, that there must be no disturbance in the mechanical relations of the parts of the body to each other if the machine is to run smoothly. If a sewing machine runs hard, but still sews all right, we are usually justified in supposing that it merely needs a little oil; but if the thread or the needle breaks, if the thread knots on one side of the cloth or if the feed does not work, we know there is something the matter with the machine **mechanically** which no amount of oil will ever remedy. The trouble being mechanical, the remedy must be of the same character; and so we proceed to **adjust** disarranged parts and to bring them back to their normal relations with each other. When this has been done we once more have a right to expect perfect work from the machine.

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It is strange that physicians have not hitherto recognized this simple principle of the body in their dealings with the sick. But so far have they fallen short of this that they even refuse to accept the fact when it is presented to them. It has remained for the man who discovered Osteopathy to point out this great truth and in that his work is unique. No one else seems to have filled this field as has Dr. A. T. Still, the grand old man of Kirksville, Mo., and he is entitled to all the honor which has come to him for it.

When we realize that the problem of a perfect physical mechanism is and must be an integral part of any rational system of therapy, we can realize the debt which the world owes to Dr. Still and the men and women who have helped to elaborate and perfect his great science.



At first it seems to mean but little to know the mechanical principles of the body but when we study the problem more closely

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we begin to see that it involves a great deal. A perfect mechanism must be perfect in every part, hence the physician must possess a knowledge of every part—the minute as well as the gross parts. That requires a thorough mastery of anatomy and also of histology. It also requires a knowledge of pathology, for one must know the abnormal as well as the normal. An understanding of physiology is needed too, for the mechanic must know the **uses** of the various parts of his machine as well as their structure and relations.

It will readily be seen, that anyone who thinks he can become proficient in all these matters in a few weeks is making a very grave mistake. The various schools of mechano-therapy, chiropractic, physical culture and neurology which profess to turn out accomplished physicians in a few months are arrant frauds. They impose on their pupils and on the public as well. They do, no doubt, impart some useful knowledge in

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their courses, but they cannot and do not make physicians.



But the question of mechanics is only a part of the problem. The principles of chemistry are equally important. A perfect mechanism without capability of function is useless. A perfect body without vital-chemical activity is dead.

What do we mean by the chemistry of the body? Do we mean simply a knowledge of the elements and compounds which are found in the body? Yes, we mean that and we mean much more. You may mix hydrogen and oxygen in the proportion of two to one by volume and nothing will happen beyond the fact that the two gases have mixed, but if you introduce the tiniest spark of fire or electricity, you at once have a violent explosion with the formation of water and the liberation of force. We must have not only a knowledge of the chemical constituents of

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the body, but we must also know the laws of action and reaction.

It is easy to learn that the body consists of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, fosforus, sulfur, silicon, chlorin, fluorin, manganese, arsenic, copper, lead, and possibly some of the other elements in minute quantities. But it is not so easy to learn just how and why they are in the body or in what proportion and in what combinations.

We can realize too that every chemical reaction is to a certain extent electrical. We can see that the mineral elements are positive and the acid elements are negative. We can understand that the body is practically a voltaic battery and that the action and reaction of the chemicals, fluids and solids, result in the production of electricity, which is therefore the motive force of the body. If you object to the term electricity, you may call it vital force, magnetism, nerve energy or

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merely vibration, but the fact remains, that no matter what you call it, it responds to the ordinary tests of electricity.



The question of body chemistry leads so far and in so many directions that it is impossible to follow all the lines which are suggested. The problem of the rational physician resolves itself primarily into the question of maintaining the chemical and at the same time mechanical integrity of the body.

As there is constant waste of materials it is necessary that there should be a constant supply. The supply must be sufficient but not in excess. Excess clogs, deprivation starves. The one is as bad as the other. Excess in one direction and starvation in another is however the general rule. Enough and too much most of us get of the starches fats and proteids, while we are starving for the acids and bases upon which depend the chemical reactions of the body in general, the integrity of the tissues and the production of

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electricity. Tissues which are starved for calcium and sulfur are likely to disintegrate and the same lack in the intestines often causes worms. Blood which is lacking in iron and calcium as well as sulfur cannot take up sufficient oxygen to reduce the waste to ashes.



“Scientists” are wasting time discussing and experimenting with germs, toxins, anti-toxins and opsonins, so long as they refuse to recognize the more important questions which lie behind these secondary matters. Germs are the result of a lack in the system of mineral matter which has the power of maintaining a state of electric tension. Withdraw the mineral matter and you withdraw the electric property as well. Disintegration follows as a matter of course. Worms are almost devoid of mineral matter, especially calcium and sulfur. Hence they form readily in decaying flesh.

(Continued in October)

THE OPEN ROAD

Anniversary.

SURE, we're a year old. With this issue we begin our second year. It really doesn't seem that long, does it? But the months have been slipping by as they will, and this is our thirteenth monthly tramp down the turnpike of time.

Of course I'm proud of our lusty infant, the OPEN ROAD. It's growing like a jimson weed, and has been a very well behaved youngster withal. Any lively recollections of walking the floor with it, or of midnight searches for the paregoric which always turned out to be only horse liniment, but answered the purpose just as well, are now forgotten and swallowed up in pride of its achievement. We have thrown away our teething rings and rattle boxes, and the yearling will no more of them. Solid food from now on. It will range the Open Roads of the Universe, cropping the herbage that rolling time has left green, and picking up the dewdrops of thot here and there for the

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delectation of our comrades around the monthly camp fires.



And you dear souls who set out with us upon this perilous trip over the untrodden ways of life, yielding yourselves trustingly to your unknown guide, let me thank you for your courage and faith. You did indeed take desperate chances when you joined our squad, not knowing whither we should lead you. But I hope you do not regret the venture. I trust the investment has proven sound. And I do indeed thank you more than I can tell. You have given me much. I will try to give you more in return. For all your beautiful messages of encouragement and good cheer so dear to me, I thank you now.

It would indeed be as impossible to write a magazine without intelligent readers as to speak without an audience. No man can talk to empty seats. No man can write for himself alone. The play of soul is not there

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to fire his imagination and kindle the flame of thot.



And so I say that without the kindly sympathy of kindred spirits this little venture upon the vast sea of literature—I trust literature is the proper term—would never have reached its haven. Without you, my readers, our frail bark would surely have perished miserably.

Again I thank you one and all. I truly hope you have enjoyed the beautiful land we have traveled thru, that you like the sweet spirit of fellowship you find in our company of free souls on the Open Road, and I want you to remain with us for another twelve months' tramp—yes, and for life if you will.



And I want you to help us get in touch with other good souls. Let us go out into the highways and byways of life and invite all to the feast, for we shall try to supply

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to thirsty ones the pure water of life, that he who drinketh may not thirst again.

No matter how good a magazine may be it is of no value until it comes in contact with an awakened or awakening soul, when we draw the spark of sympathetic response which completes the circuit. The most eloquent words spoken to empty air have no meaning. Every new intelligent reader of the Open Road we can get adds to the strength of the brotherhood and multiplies our power for good.

There is much to be done. Our task is no light one. The clouds of darkness and superstition lower darkly over the race. It will take our combined efforts to accomplish the work we have set out to do. You can and you do help. You are the strength of my arm, the courage of my heart. Send me the names of any on our wire, no matter how many or where located, and Ananias will do the rest. We are beginning our new year with well matured plans for a general

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advance all along the line, and well prepared for active propaganda work.



The fare is really very little, only two bits for a whole year, less than one cent a week. There are no return tickets, as Open Roaders never come back. "Vorwarts" is the word. I don't think we'll continue the low rate so very long, but due notice of any change will be given. Many well informed business men as well as publishers have assured me that we would carry just as many subscribers at one dollar a year as at the half rate. Besides, the news companies would handle the magazine extensively if the subscription price were one dollar, which they will not now do at fifty cents. So far as I am concerned I would rather publish the OPEN ROAD at fifty cents or even at twenty-five, if that were possible, than at a dollar. All I want is for the magazine to pay for itself. I have no need of money for my own use. All that comes to me I

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shall put back into the work anyway. I am strong and used to hard work, and if it were not for the necessity of doing outside work to help feed the baby, I could, I am sure, take all I shall ever need for myself out of my small acre of God's beautiful ground with my own hands.



While I am confessing and giving you an account of my stewardship for the year past I suppose I might as well tell it all. Our August issue, the last of the year, was just five times what the first number was. We are mailing two thousand copies of this number. Counting three to five readers for every copy we must now be reaching between six and ten thousand readers each month. Some of our good friends tell of passing their copies around to a dozen or more hands, so I think ten thousand readers a moderate estimate. And the list is increasing at the rate of one hundred and fifty to two hundred a month.

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Now so far we have not spent a dollar in advertising. Of course we have received a good deal of exchange advertising, and the press of the whole country has been most kindly in editorial mention and review of our work, for which we are duly and truly appreciative. But outside of these helps the little brown messenger has made its own way. Our friends have done the work. Our progress, so say our fellow publishers, has been really phenomenal. We are now hard at work upon a new printery which will greatly increase our facilities, and we hope before the snow flies to have a fine cylinder press installed which will turn out the OPEN ROAD in better shape than ever before.

Of course I hope for continued progress, but at the same time I want to deserve it. I did not, as intimated in the first number, start out to revolutionize the world in three weeks. I am not going after a "million a week" circulation. I don't want it. Besides,

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there are not that many, I am afraid, in all our blessed country who could understand or appreciate the OPEN ROAD. Thinkers are really very few, and I don't believe anyone but a thinker would have any use for us. We do not aspire to be everybody's magazine.

But we do need earnest, thoughtful souls with us in our fight for true education and a sane civilization. All who see the light of a new life, who sense the joys of right living, must pass on the message of freedom to others. That is the only way to get the good of it ourselves. Take it, live it, and pass it on. For everything we receive in this world we must give out equally. That is the law of life. We cannot escape it nor do we wish to. Wealth in money may be locked up in steel vaults, but riches of the soul must be constantly in circulation or they are demonetized. The very moment we try to hoard the good things of life, they vanish; their goodness is gone. The milk

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of human kindness sours if it is not constantly drawn upon. The moment we cease to give we cut off our own supply. Even our very capacity to receive is taken from us.



But don't be afraid to give. Do it freely and trustingly. The bank of eternal good is impregnable. The supply of soul stuff is inexhaustible. Physical laws do not apply here. The more you give of your treasures of love and thot, the more you have left. The masters all along down the ages have voiced this eternal law. Read the story of the widow's cruse of oil, and the measures of meal; and of Jesus who fed the throng with seven loaves and three fishes, all he had, and yet gathered up many baskets full after they had feasted. For what he gave them was indeed the bread of life.

The law is for you and for me. Let us freely trust its divine beneficence. It will not fail us.

THE OPEN ROAD

And so dear comrades we joyfully face the future. Whatever gems of thot I may unearth as I journey down the Open Road with my prospector's pick and shovel I promise to share with you quickly. You know I must do that for I cannot keep them. In my knapsack they would soon tarnish. I pass them on to you to keep for me. When I want them again I will know where to find them. That's the other side of the law. And when they do come back to me they will have gained so much in beauty and brilliancy for the miles they have traveled.



I cannot begin to tell you how many inspiring assurances have come to me from wayfarers on the Open Road who have been touched by its sanity—its urge for the simple sweet joys of natural living. From travelers footsore and weary, fainting by the roadside, crushed by the world's coldness, cruelty and greed, bowed in despair—of hearts made lighter, hopes revived, courage renewed, to

THE OPEN ROAD

get up and face the battle again—to take up the onward march. Visions of a better life thru seeing that there is a sane, sweet, wholesome and happy way to live here and now.

Do you think I do not value such messages? What is sweeter in all the world after the approval of one's own soul than these? Well I'll tell you—earth has no greater joy than this—to help, to be of service, to carry hope into a heart crushed under its weight of woe, to bring joy into a life black with despair. Oh yes! comrades these are the real joys of living. We do not want to shiver thru life here on earth shrinking from the cold blasts of selfishness and greed while we plan for steamheated mansions on high. Let us get our joy here and now. Gather the warmth of love out of human hearts as we pass. And then if the treasures in heaven fail us, we've had ours here below anyway.

I am sure there is joy for every human

THE OPEN ROAD

soul in this world if he but find it. What greater happiness could be ours than to help the lost ones in their search.



We press forward then. The bright star of hope leads on. Love beckons from yonder hilltop. The first beams of the rising sun shimmer along the top of the range. May we not falter in our journey toward the higher planes of progression unto which there is no end!

Be it so.

In the Woods.

OH! WHO does not love the September woods! We have had plenty of rain this summer to preserve everything fresh and green, and just now the country is fairly rioting in beauty. Banks upon banks of the deepest green in the woods, while along the roadsides and in the fields the golden glow, daughter of the sun god, flames in glory, and the modest golden rod nods in

THE OPEN ROAD

the breeze, both set off by a background of royal purple asters.

Purple and gold are the dominant notes now, with the sweet undertone of restful green. Oh, what harmony! What music to the eye!



The air, too, for days has been so clear and bracing. Today I look up into a perfect dome of deepest blue without a fleck or fleece of cloud. The only thing between me and heaven's deep is a hawk sailing gracefully and majestically with scarce a beat of his great wings far up in the azure. Will man ever sail thru the oceans of air like that?

I never saw the Italian skies they talk about, but if they've got anything finer than we have here today at Pigeon-Roost, Indiana, it must be worth seeing. The air is so clear and pure and so filled with electric tension that mere life is a joy, and breathing almost an intoxication.

THE OPEN ROAD

Altho the days are still warm and balmy, the birds have already begun their migration. I think it was about the first week in August that I saw the first flock southward bound. Our songsters are disappearing to gladden other hearts in other climes. Two catbirds stayed with us until the last few days, singing their melodies at sunrise and sunset, their notes filled with such tender pathos, growing sweeter and more touching each day, as if they were saying their farewells to us, but now they, too, are gone. Well, good-bye, little friends; your dear sweet strains will linger with us till you come again.



The cool nights and mornings make restful sleep in the open air so invigorating. I really think September and October the best vacation months of the year. If you have not been able to get away all summer, go now anyway. Leave city cares behind you and spend a few days in the September woods.

THE OPEN ROAD

Health and Diet Hints.

THE DIET problem is now very simple to the disciple of right living. Fruit and vegetables are to be had in abundance. Earth is putting forth her richest treasures to close the season. This is the culminating month for all vegetation.

But make your diet this month principally of fruits, melons and green corn, with light cereals. The vegetables will keep and will be good later in the year, but fruits excepting apples will not, so eat them freely now while you can get them in their glory. They have now the spirit that they will never have again. And it is the spirit, soul or essence of all food that gives it dietary value. The mere tissue or fibre of the fruit or vegetable is of little value. It is the spirit that quickeneth.

Don't worry about putting up your fruits in cans for the winter. Canned fruit, and in fact canned everything with one or two exceptions, is a snare and a delusion; a waste of time and money. Fruit preserved in su-

THE OPEN ROAD

gar, whose essence is destroyed by that sweet brine, has no food value. You are robbing your purse and cheating your stomach when you use it. Why fill your stomach up with excelsior? In short no food product which has to be kept in artificial preservatives is fit for use. The one possible exception is tomatoes. Where they are properly canned without sugar or spices, they do afford a useful vegetable acid in the winter for making soups.

The nearest thing to the fresh ripe fruit will be the dried or evaporated fruit. In this form they are usable all thru the winter, being far superior to any canned stuff. Dried fruit or dried corn do retain some of the spirit, but canned, never.

❧ ❧ ❧

It is far better, tho, to feast now upon the fresh ripe fruits—grapes, melons and everything the market affords in plenty. Because, excepting green corn, you can get most of the other garden products later on, and we want to keep off winter foods as long as possible.

THE OPEN ROAD

IT IS reported that W. T. Stead has opened an office in London for communication with residents of the other world. If you want to get a line on any discarnate spirit, just drop into Editor Stead's Exchange, pay the necessary fee—I don't know what the tolls to heaven and hell will be—get your party on the wire, and there you are.

Strange no one ever thot of this simple expedient before. But isn't it rather hard upon the departed? Even in spirit world there is to be no rest. Thus does science invade the privacy of the dead, and disturb the silence of the tomb. What possibilities open up here to enterprising newspapers in the way of special interviews. Fancy the shade of Old Omar being called up at 4 g. m. to answer a persistent inquiry from the Oshkosh Gazoo, as to how about that "Loaf of bread" and "Jug of wine" and "Thou!"

Well, anyway, if this thing works out all right we'll have a chance to offer post-mortem explanations of our ante-mortem vagaries.

THE OPEN ROAD

Harangues from the Hills

By THE CHIEF GHOURKIITE

A religion that enables one to live an honest man, be happy on the journey thru life and die with a smile of blessing on his face is a good religion.

The simplest life is the strongest life. The strenuous life is full of fret and worry and heartaches and dyspepsia. It may accomplish more but it brings more pain.

A man who can get up smiling from a fall on a slippery sidewalk need not worry about the hereafter.

There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, but the bottle seems always to hit the mark.

Time and tide wait for no man. The man's a fool who waits for them.

A rolling stone gathers no moss. If you need moss in your business don't roll.

THE OPEN ROAD

With the Books.

Psychoma (Soul Sleep). By Helen Rhodes. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass. Cloth, 158 pages, \$1.00.

Are you awake, or are you sleeping? Are you alive or dead? Is life a feverish dream with intermittent breaks of sanity, or do you really know what and who you are? How shall we know? How shall we prove to ourselves whether we live or not? These very pertinent inquiries are taken up by Helen and answered from the safe retreat of her cozy corner out where the Pacific rolls—at least to her own satisfaction.

Elizabeth likes the philosophy so well that she has written a very taking introduction for the book. The volume is well written and is tinged with the fervor of an awakening soul. If you want to know all about it, I refer you to the book itself. You can read it in an hour, only 'Lisbeth says you mustn't.

An American Madonna. By Mary Ives Todd. Binghamton Book Manufacturing Co., New York, N. Y. Cloth, 264 pages, \$1.50.

A distinct contribution to the raging flood of new thought literature. I don't know why the

THE OPEN ROAD

gifted author calls her heroine a Madonna. The young lady surely does not act the part of the sweet, sad Madonna of our childish adoration. She is of the up-to-date, high-g geared, double-back-acting, automatic, high-ball type, who shatters convention to smithereens and leaves the proprieties maimed and mangled along the wake of her thrilling flight for sex freedom.

Health and Wealth from Within. By Wm. E. Towne.
Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.
Cloth, 157 pages, \$1.00.

I put William's modest little volume in my satchel when starting for the 6 o'clock train this morning intending to look through it on my way into the jungle, but I could not get away from William and his little book until I had finished the last page.

The work is thoroly of the healthy, wholesome type of New Thought. It is a book that will do much good. I particularly recommend it to beginners in what is called the new thought school. It is wholesome and sane and far more readable than much of the lurid lubrications which come from so-called new thought writers. I quote one or two paragraphs to show you how well William has rounded out his thoughts:

THE OPEN ROAD

"You may justly claim certain rights, perhaps, but you will never promote harmony in the process. Harmony is elusive and must be courted. She flees at the hint of force and the assertion of rights."

And another:

"Don't wait until you find just the kind of work you think you want to do before trying to do your best. You may have to wait a long time if you start out that way. But if you take what is next to you, what is right at hand and do your best, you'll find it's a short cut to greater health, happiness and success."

Socialists point to the golden future when man's dream of brotherhood shall be realized. But right living looks to the present. It bids us to throw off the holds that hold us now and here. Opens our eyes to the beauty and joy that is flowing right by our doors this very moment. Nobody has enslaved us. We have forged our own shackles. The holds which we think others have over us are only spider threads. Off with them!

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Mangasarian's New Book on the mythical character of Jesus is startling in its presentation of facts which the church has withheld from the people.

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"**The Truth About Jesus**" is the most daring book of the last decade. Written in the purest and most eloquent English, it is as interesting as a romance and as logical as a geometrical theorem.

You are not thoroughly informed until you know what the foremost rational thinker of America has said on this interesting subject.

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R. F. D. 1

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Man and Creation.

God created man only a little lower than the angels; but dogma and superstition have crushed from him the greatest of his given faculties—and a mouldering Church harps of his "worm-of-the-dust-depravity."

Man has the Power WITHIN himself to inbuild into his character riches, happiness, and health. It is his to choose between godliness and sin. The time is NOW.

A 4-cent stamp will bring all information concerning "White Magic."

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New \$50.00 Ranger Bicycle made by J. L. Mead Cyle Co. Never been saddled or taken out of the shop.

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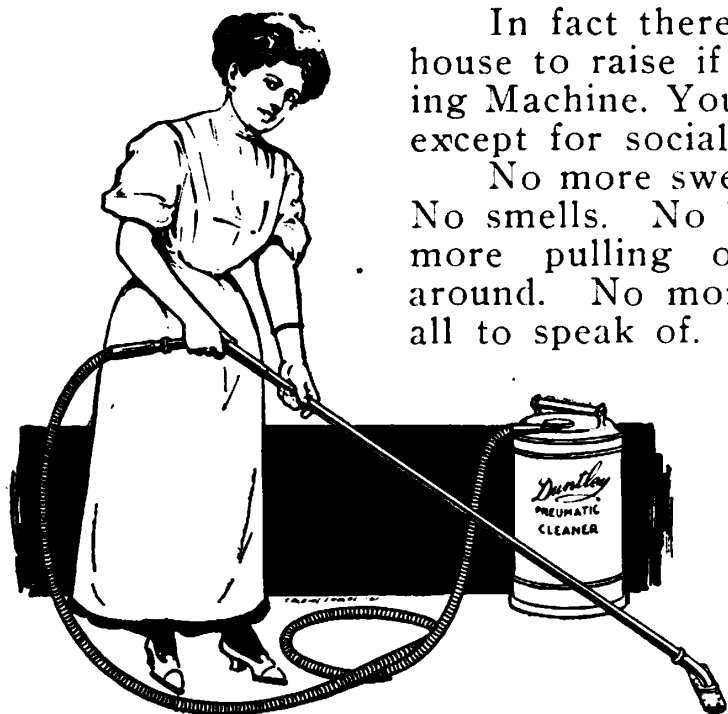
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DON'T RAISE A DUST!



In fact there won't be any dust in the house to raise if you use a Vacuum Cleaning Machine. You can lay away your broom except for social purposes.

No more sweeping. No dirt. No germs. No smells. No beating or whipping. No more pulling or hauling the furniture around. No more backache. No labor at all to speak of. Your house always clean and sweet. God's air does it all.

No, this isn't a tale of the Arabian Nights. Just an every day 20th century mechanical wonder. Yet it does work that seems almost like enchantment. There are now, I sup-

pose, a million or more of them in use. No good hotel or big institution is without them. No new buildings are put up without a vacuum cleaning system in the plans. This is an age of cleanliness.

And now housekeepers have caught on and are installing them in their homes at the rate of a thousand a month. The day of the broom is gone. It has swept itself into the dust bin of the past.

The beauty about the new air cleaning process is that it is equally adapted to a sky scraper or a three-room cottage. It will get under the bed, behind the piano, everywhere. Cleans everything. The only thing it won't do yet is to wash the dishes. I wonder the inventor overlooked that. It will clean the bed and bedding and purify them with fresh clean air. You don't need to carry them out. Every particle of dust and lint whisked away like magic. You never see it. Walls, curtains, chairs, couches, pillows, ceilings and carpets—yes, you can turn it into a maid and it will dry your hair, and give you a massage!

No wise woman will ever hereafter kill herself sweeping and dusting, which after all only dislodges the dirt—doesn't remove it—but will use a vacuum cleaner and save her strength for the finer problems of life.

And the machine is really very simple. Even the children will want to use it. Runs by electric power, steam, gasoline motor or by hand. Prices from \$50.00 up.

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Mr. B. E. Harris, 234 Michigan Ave., Chicago, will tell you about it free if you mention The OPEN ROAD.

The Philistine

Perpetrated at East Aurora, which is in Erie County, New York

ELBERT HUBBARD, EDITOR

FIFTEENTH YEAR, and has not skipped an issue. It is the sawed-off and hammered-down of bibliozines, but carries the voltage. Every issue causes sudden cancella-

tions from the grumpy, who subscribe not knowing it is loaded. That is the way we know we are moving. But the article that makes some hike and howl, tickles others to the skies—and so we make head, always make head.

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Don't delay. Do it today.

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Griffith, Indiana.

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LECTURES

By
BRUCE CALVERT

The Open Road.
The Religion of Right Living.
Intuitional or Inspirational Knowing.
An Evening with Omar Khayyam.
An Evening with Walt Whitman.
Sex Ethics, Right Generation, and Eugenics.
The Food Question—Rational Dietary.

Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in the Philadelphia North American

The New Thoughtists got their First Lesson in Right Living in the Roycroft Chapel this evening. Bruce Calvert, of Chicago, who is here to reveal it in a series of six lectures, and who is a mighty earnest and honest devotee, by the way, explained some of it to a chapel full of people this morning. Then he put the whole crowd through the first of the breathing exercises, by means of which he says it is possible to absorb the essential truths of all the systems of religion, philosophy, science and sociology that have been invented or otherwise procured.

According to Mr. Calvert, nothing in the line of escaped truth, from Plato to Hubbard, or from Zoroaster to Christ, is impossible to those who breathe the right way. "All good is in the human body of man," he declared, "and all we have to do is unroll it and develop it through proper breathing. There is nothing outside the human body. If man is the final product of the laws of evolution, working through the years, the cumulation of all powers, potentialities and forces in the universe, then where in God's name can you look for anything but in the human being." After the singing Mr. Calvert, spoke modestly and sincerely about life and its philosophy. He said: "The most of us are so hypnotized we look to theologians alone for truth, whereas all we get from them is opinions."

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BOOKS WORTH READING

The Mind and the Brain. By Prof. Elmer Gates. Paper 25 cts, cloth 50 cts. Prof. Gates' fame as a student of mind operations is world-wide. In this book he presents matter of great worth on the development of the mind and the brain.

Yoga, or Transformation. By Wm. J. Flagg. A new book; contains the essence of the principal religious systems of the world, concerning the soul and its destiny. A large book, 376 pages, cloth \$3.00.

The Ocean of Theosophy. By Wm. Q. Judge. A clear-cut and general statement as to the nature and work of theosophy by one of the founders of the society. 155 pages, paper 50 cts., cloth 75 cts.

Reincarnation: A Study of Forgotten Truth. By E. D. Walker. 350 pages, cloth \$1.50. An interesting study of the fascinating subject of reincarnation.

The Memory of the Past Births. By Chas. Johnson, M. R. A. S. Paper 25 cts., cloth 50 cts. A readable companion to the foregoing book on Reincarnation.

The Bhagavad-Gita. Book of Devotion. A dialogue between Krishna, Lord of Devotion, and Arjuna, Prince of India. Translated by Wm. Q. Judge. Pocket size, flexible leather, 75 cts.

Pythagoras and the Delphic Mysteries. By Edouard Schure. Cloth \$1.50. Deeply interesting work for the student of the mystic.

The Sermon on the Mount. A verbatim translation from the Greek with notes on the mystical or Arcane sense. By Jas. M. Pryse. Cloth 60 cents.

Mazdaznan Encyclopedia of Dietetics. By Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish, founder of the Mazdaznan movement in America. Oil cloth \$1.00. This is perhaps the best work ever written to aid in food selection and the preparation of meatless dishes.

Health and Breath Culture. By Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht Hanish. Contains the twelve lessons in health and breath which constitutes the preliminary course in the Mazdaznan system of training. Cloth \$5.00. Well worth the price.

Any book in this list sent postpaid on receipt of price. Order from the **OPEN ROAD**, Griffith, Indiana., R. F. D. No.1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods.

JOIN THE SOCIETY OF The Universal Brotherhood of Man

An Organization without Organizers. A Society without Props and Stays. An Institution Founded on and Perpetuated by the Dear Love of Man for his Comrade.

Abridged Extract from the Constitution and By-Laws.—Exoteric.

Membership fee 50 cts. a year: less than one cent a week, including subscription to the OPEN ROAD, the official organ of the Society. Life membership, with paid-up subscription to the OPEN ROAD for ninety-nine years, \$10.00. No other dues or assessments, forever.

(**Note.**—You don't have to subscribe to the magazine to become a member of the Society, but you'll feel better if you do, and so will the editor.)

Eligibility—All men and all women who feel their kinship to the race are invited.

Initiation—Greet the next traveler you meet on the Open Road with a smile and a hearty handshake, and send fifty cents to the Shrine of the Society for a year's subscription to the official Journal.

Grip—The warm, healthy grasp of true friendship.

Password and Countersign—"Howd'y, Comrade," and a sweet smile of kindly, human interest.

Creed—Kind Thought, Kind Word, Kind Deed.

Ritual—Doing our daily work the best we can, and doing it cheerfully, kindly. Living our lives sanely and sweetly.

Litany—The voice of the wind whispering through the tree tops.

Duties of Members—Live up to your highest and best every day. Learn to stand alone (as far as possible), and mind your own business (most of the time). Recognize the Divine in every man and woman you meet. Smile and be kind.

Punishments and Penalties—We punish ourselves only. If you feel that you have conducted yourself as unbecoming a

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member of the noble Brotherhood; if you have failed to look for the best in your neighbor, or if in a moment of weakness you have let loose a barbed arrow of pain to wound a brother or a sister, just send half a dollar and the name of your victim for a year's subscription to the OPEN ROAD, receive absolution from the Shrine, take a new grip on yourself, resolve not to do so again, and forget it.

Purpose—To encourage the sentiment for right living, and to express in our lives that beautiful spirit of Brotherhood and love for one another, which is to solve all human problems bringing about peace on earth and good will to all men.

How to Become Member—Smile, and send half a dollar with your name and address for membership card and subscription to the OPEN ROAD for one year.

I have spoken.

Done at Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods, Indiana.

Headquarters and Shrine of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, in the Northwest Quarter of Section 32, Township 36, Range 8 West of the Principal Meridian.

By BRUCE CALVERT, Keeper of the Shrine.

Attest: ANANIAS.

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Vol. I. Half Leather, and Open Road for one year.....	\$1.00
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Better come thru now while the bars are down. The supply of bound volumes is by no means unlimited. Speak right soon, or you may never add these little treasures of joy and inspiration to your collection.

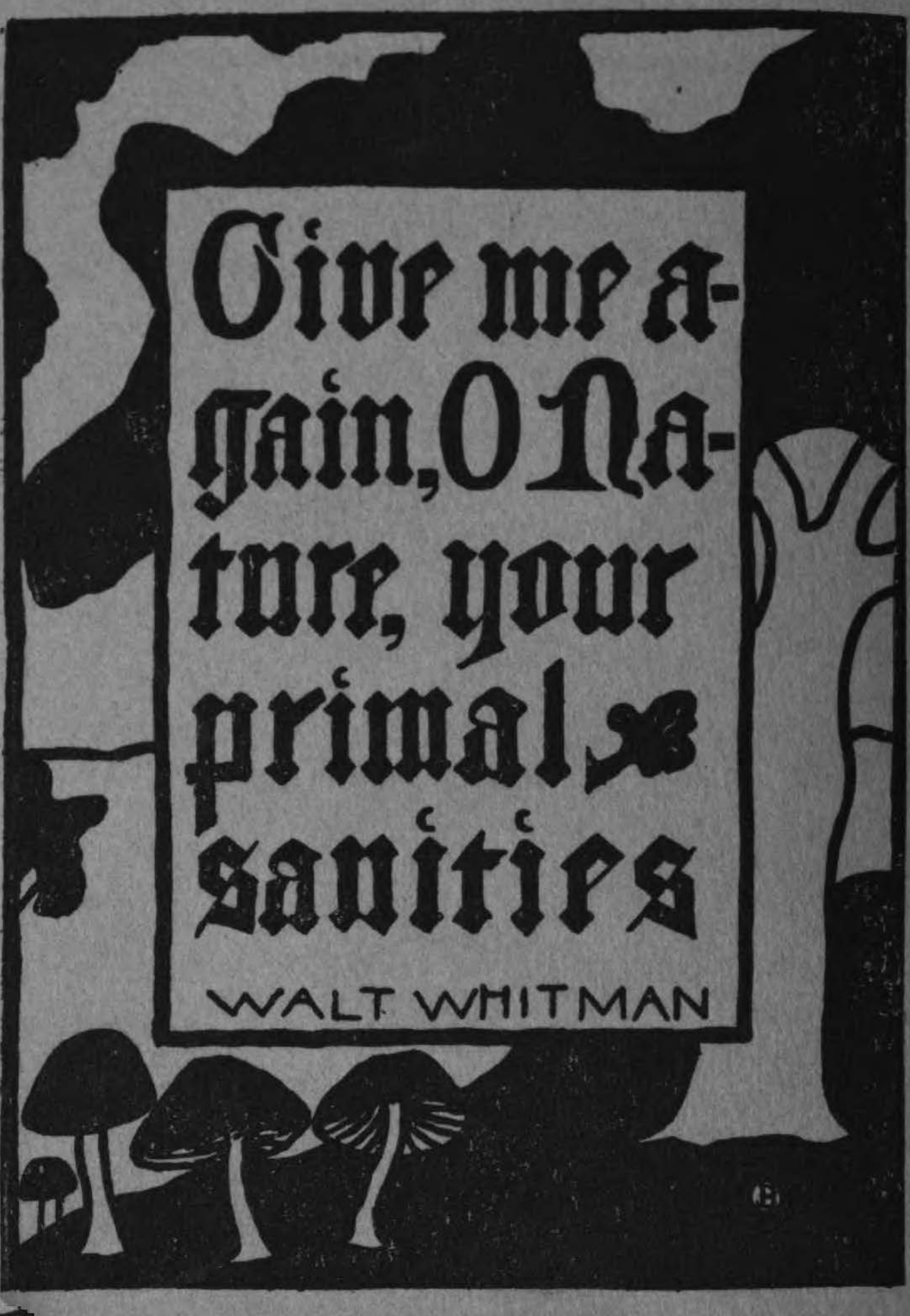
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOY and THE RELIGION OF RIGHT LIVING

To which end we want first of all perfect health; then to stand alone (as far as possible) and mind our own business (most of the time); to find our greatest Joys not in vain pursuit of wealth or power, but in a deeper understanding and love of nature; to grow back to the soil as we have grown away from it; to cultivate the homely virtues of economy, thrift, simplicity, neighborly love, with a large hearted sympathy for all men and women, especially those reeling under the burdens of life; to learn the noble dignity of doing for ourselves, rising above the degrading habit of being waited upon; to live and encourage others by our example to live the right life of cleanliness and purity of body, thought and action; to work and to think; to live, love, laugh and to play.

Well, isn't that enough for a start? Are you with us? 50c and a smile will let you in for a whole year. Better see Ananias at once.



Give me a-
gain, O Na-
ture, your
primal
sanities

WALT WHITMAN

The Open Road

Official Organ of the Society of the
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN



*A foot and light
hearted I take to
the open road,*

*Healthy, free, the
world before me*

*The long brown path
before me leading
wherever I choose*

— Old Wal

Printed as often as possible and
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PIGEON-ROOST-IN-THE-WOODS-INDIAN
Fifty cents a year Ten cents a copy

The Open Road

Journal of the Society of the

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Shin plasters, Canadian money, perforated dimes and plugged nickels taken at face value. Confederate money 95 per cent discount.

If none of the above are at hand, send on your subscription anyway and pay later. All we want is your promise to read our dope, and pass it along to HIM or HER and remit as soon as possible.

Entered as second-class matter, September 8, 1908, at the Postoffice at Griffith, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879.

Address all communications to

The Open Road

∴ **GRIFFITH, LAKE COUNTY, INDIANA.** ∴

R. F. D. No. 1. Pigeon-Roost-In-the-Woods.

Advertising Office, 3118 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Rates on Application.

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THE OPEN ROAD.

To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it;
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach
it and pass it;

To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for
you, however long, but it stretches and waits for you,
To see no being, not God's or any, but you also go thither.

.

All religion, all solid things, arts, governments—all that was
or is apparent upon this globe or any globe, falls into
niches and corners before the procession of souls along
the grand roads of the universe.

—WALT WHITMAN.

Greatest Clubbing Offer Yet!

We have arranged with the publishers and officers to give our readers the advantage, for a limited time, of the greatest clubbing proposition of the year. You have probably thought that you ought to take some good magazine telling of the "ways of healthful living," but the \$ did not happen to be handy just then and thus you put it off. Some day you will be sorry, Oh, so sorry, but then it will be too late. The doctor or the undertaker will have you in charge. 100,000 out of each million die prematurely—cut off in their prime—the newspapers put it. We get used to it. But if it happens in your own family, then what?

The **Good Health Clinic** is a large 40-page monthly magazine devoted to all that pertains to the good health and happiness of the family. It is 50 cents a year and worth dollars to every one not too old to "think." It is the official organ of the International Health League and contains the report of its work, which is not printed elsewhere. If it was not the organ of the League it could not be published for less than \$1.00 per year.

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GOOD HEALTH CLINIC , 1 full year50
Membership in the International Health League , 1 year....	.50
Book "Correct Living," the former price of which was.....	1.00
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Now there is good value for \$3.50. If you paid \$5.00 for it you would get value received. It is yours for a money order for just \$1.20. Just about one-third the price. The two books give you the cream of both physical and metaphysical thinking and living. This is indeed the chance of a lifetime. Get busy **TODAY**. Do not put it off. **TODAY** is the day to do things.

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If You are Sick or Poor Cut Loose from Drugs and Medicine

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The Open Road

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1909

No. 4

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

Rational Therapy.

By WALTER E. ELFRINK, D. O.

[Concluded from September]

Maintaining the chemical integrity of the body will do much toward keeping the body in a state of health, but it will not do everything. The body may be abused in many ways. Overwork, dissipation, overeating, lack of sleep, sexual abuses—against these nature has provided no escape. Health depends upon obedience to natural laws always, and the man who thinks to escape the results of his misdeeds simply by maintaining the chemical and mechanical integrity of his body deceives himself. Nature is not mocked. The laws of action and reaction are as much in balance here as anywhere in the universe.

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But the man who **fails** to maintain the mechanical and chemical integrity of his body is already violating the natural laws of his body and he will surely suffer the penalty.

And how is a man to maintain the chemical balance of his body? First of all by a normal supply of natural foods.

And what is a normal supply of food? Ideally speaking it is a supply in natural combinations of all the elements and compounds that the body needs in exactly the required quantity and proportion. Practically this is impossible. Just as a steam engine uses only a fraction of the energy of the coal consumed, so our bodies really use only a part of the energy in our food. We cannot as yet know to a nicety just how much or how little food a given individual requires. A man like Dr. Tilden does an enormous amount of work on a comparatively meager diet. A man like Roosevelt does an enormous amount of work on an enormous amount of

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food. Which one is right? Or are they both right? Is each one doing the thing which is best for his particular temperament?

I believe that the facts are a little like this. It is not so much quantity as getting the right chemical combinations. You plant a seed in rich soil and the roots reach out and select the things which that plant needs and leaves the other things or the surplus alone. But if there is an extreme oversupply of certain elements and a deficiency of other elements the plant will suffer and possibly die.

Now man is a plant which has acquired the powers of locomotion. Instead of having his roots in the earth, they are in his intestinal tract. If these roots, which we may think of as the assimilative organs, are surrounded with the elements and compounds the body needs, nourishment will be carried on and the surplus will be rejected. But if certain elements are lacking and there is a gross surplus of other things decomposition

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will set in and there will be fermentation and degeneration instead of digestion.



The reason that people overeat is that they really feel a lack of something in the system. The food which they use lacks those elements they seek and so the more they eat the less satisfaction they get. If they could find out just what they need and use it, the craving for an oversupply would soon disappear. A person who needs lime and sulfur for the blood corpuscles, can never eat enough white bread and butter to supply that need. In fact the more he eats of those things the worse off he will be, for he is filling his system with things which are quite easily dissolved while the system has no materials to combine with them for either repair or combustion. The result is fermentation and decay. The system is poisoned and not nourished. If there were a supply of appropriate materials to go with these things there would be a restraint of fermentation

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and decay and the materials would be used in the normal processes of the body. Besides the desire to overeat would disappear and there would be no disturbance.

Now the best way to insure a normal chemical supply for the body is through an intelligent selection of normal foods. It is impossible here to go into the details of food selection. That is a matter which must be worked out for or by each individual. But it is possible to outline some of the broad principles. As a rule it is best to modify a given diet **toward** the normal rather than to make any abrupt change.

And what is the normal? That is again all a question of the individual. It may be normal for a few people to live on fruits and nuts, but I have never found anyone of that kind. Again it may be normal for another individual to live largely on meat and other gross foods, but we rarely find that kind of a person. The average is somewhere between the two. I believe that we find just

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as many different expressions of life as there are people. Life is in the rock, in the unicellular plant and animal and its complexities multiply to infinity. The law which applies to one applies to all, but each one presents a little different attitude or angle toward the law.



But where do people make their most serious and fundamental dietetic mistakes? Some say you should eat no breakfast. Another says "Fletcherize." Another says you must not eat meat. Another says you should live on fruits and nuts. Another tells you to eat grass. You can find a hundred and one fads, but a little reflection will convince the unprejudiced that none of these are altogether right. They have taken only a superficial view of the problem and made a two by four cut and dried dogma out of it.

People who know nothing whatever about diet do better than many of these faddists

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for they do not worry about what they are to eat and they refuse to take up any of the fads and to stick to them. If any of them were so very good they would not have such a time getting adherents to stay with them.

Nature never intended that any man should make himself a martyr to some distasteful fad in order to be well. And when you find anyone who rebels against the diet he is getting you can be pretty sure he is on wrong diet. Of course, there are perverted appetites, but these do not persist in the face of a correct diet for any length of time.



Chemistry has pointed out the cause of most of our dietary troubles. It lies in a lack of the mineral elements which most of us have looked upon as of no consequence. These elements are found most abundantly in the fresh green vegetables and the ripe juicy fruits of which almost everyone is fond.

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It is not because we eat too much but because we do not get enough of these important substances that we suffer dietetically. Spinach, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, and similar vegetables as well as the fruits are very rich in the mineral elements. When they are properly prepared and raised on good soil they make ideal foods for most people. In short, as a general rule people eat too much cereal food, too much meat and too much fat in proportion to the mineral-bearing foods like the vegetables and fruits. Of course there is some mineral matter in all foods, but the vegetables are especially rich in them.

But unfortunately much of the fruit and vegetable food of our time is raised on soil which is itself deficient. A German chemist has pointed out the fact that we must begin to cure our diseases by curing the soil first. In other words we must raise healthy fruits and vegetables in order that we may get health from them. This is an

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interesting subject but would lead us too far if I were to follow it up.

But there is always more than one way to arrive at a given place. If we cannot for the time get these elements in our natural foods we can get them from soluble preparations of the minerals themselves, taken in physiological combinations and quantities. To be sure it is no doubt, better to get these substances from our regular food supply, but it certainly is better to get them from chemical sources than not to get them at all.

The physician of the future must take quite a different view of the field of therapy from the one which has been taken in the past. He must recognize the fundamental principles upon which all methods of treatment must rest. In no other way can he sift the false from the true.



To recapitulate then, the physical science of therapy rests on two broad principles of mechanics and chemistry.

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Mechanical integrity of the body can be maintained and to a certain extent regained when lost by means of physical exercises, poise, movement treatments, play, games, work, rest, relaxation, surface friction, bathing and especially by osteopathic treatment. Some of these things have both a chemical and a mechanical effect.

Chemical integrity of the body can be maintained by an appropriate supply of foods selected so as to supply all the elements and compounds which the body requires. In the event that this cannot be fully met in this way the deficiency may be made up by a proper selection of chemicals to supply that want. The chemical integrity of the body is also affected and to a certain extent promoted by means of exercises, movements, poise, cleanliness, play, games, work, rest, relaxation, attention to the skin and other excretory functions, the breathing of pure air at all times, avoiding the use of superfluous clothing, avoiding the

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use of drugs, avoiding the use of superfluous foods or of foods which are not needed, and by the maintenance of a continual serenity of mind.

If we can add to these a reasonable degree of the things in life which the normal individual craves in the way of fellowship, work, satisfactory environment, true prosperity we will have about all that is ever required in the way of therapy. Unfortunately we cannot always control many of these essentials even if we understand them. We cannot cure a man of poverty, we cannot control all the phases of his domestic life or of his fellowship in other directions. In short many cannot be cured, not because they are really incurable, but because it would require a sociological remedy which is as yet unattainable.

I do not wholly agree with Dr. Elfrink as to his main contention. I have in type an answer to his article but it was crowded out of this issue. It will appear next month.

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Woman.

CERTAIN padded mentalities cry out against woman suffrage, also against the employment of woman in the occupations, and in fact against anything that will take her away from the home and fireside, where, so they say, she should be free from economic burdens, guarded, cared for, supported, shielded from the world's cold blasts, her energies kept sacred to the supreme business of motherhood.

This does sound rather good, and it will pass for sense among the unthinking, also among those afflicted with the abnormal chivalric spirit.

But let us look at the proposition for a moment, and see what it really means. It simply reduces woman to the status of a female kept for breeding purposes only. It places her in the same scale exactly as the house cat or a bird in the cage. It cuts her off from all participation in the real life of the race, civic, social, artistic, educational, economic. It is the

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Oriental idea of the harem transplanted into western thot.

It is too late to raise the bars against woman's entrance into the gainful occupations. She's already there now to the extent of one-tenth of our entire population. This is woman's age. Whether we will or no, woman is to be the dominating factor in our next great forward step. The evolutionary forces are using her. Nature apparently found her the only instrument thru which we could be taught certain lessons.



Woman's star is today in the ascendancy. Her appearance in the field of industry is for good. It is true that wage life bears hard upon her. The conditions under which she must toil are indeed in many cases horrible. But right here at the sorest point in our economic system will the first effect of woman's presence be felt. Industrial conditions must be uplifted and humanized to conform to her standards and her nature. Brutality, filth,

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contempt for human life and health must go. Instead must come better conditions, a raising of the standard all around. Woman will do it.



No, progress is not to come by shutting woman out from the larger life of the race; rather in giving her a fuller share in all its activities. Woman is an integral part of humanity, and whenever man attempts to shut her out from anything he shuts himself out too.



But great as will be the outcome of woman's entrance into the trades and occupations in raising the ideals and improving the conditions of labor, there is a still greater effect to follow. Woman's destiny is more intimately woven into the fabric of human weal and woe than even its industrial life. Thru labor in the occupations, apparently the only way open to her, she is achieving economic independence, from which standpoint she will teach the world the mighty lesson that woman

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is neither a beast of burden nor a slave, a toy nor a bird in a cage. She is not to be kept for the mere purposes of reproduction, nor yet is she to be a convenience for the lust of man. But that she is a human being, the mate and the equal of man upon every plane, the sharer of his joys and his burdens. Mankind is neither male nor female—it is both. No problems of life can ever be solved by either half of the race working alone, but by both working together, side by side, in mutual confidence and respect all problems will be solved.

In gaining economic freedom woman will accomplish what is greater than all else in her life—in the world's life—and that is her sex freedom. Slave mothers have always brought forth slave children. The woman of the future, the free woman, will bear free children. Then and not until then will the race rise to its true level.

And this, my friends, is the real portent of woman's presence in the industrial field.

T H E O P E N R O A D

A good article along this line is in the American magazine for September, by Prof. W. I. Thomas. I suppose neither the professors nor the publishers would admit it, but the reason why wishy-wash magazines which up to a year or two ago never published anything more virile than a thrilling controversy as to whether Lincoln's wart was on the right or left side of his nose, and the learned college doctors who were earnestly wasting much midnight candle-power over the grave problem of the designs on the walls of ancient Nineveh, both now have the courage to think, write and print such vital stuff as has been running rampant in the popular magazines this summer, is because the little free lance individualistic magazines like the PHILISTINE, OPEN ROAD and a host of others I might name have prepared the way—made it safe for the professors to think and for the publishers to print, and have educated the reading public to understand and appreciate articles dealing with the real things of life.

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Do not despise the little magazines. Small and lean and humble tho they be, they are written by free and fearless hands, and they are loaded with cosmic dynamite which is slowly but surely undermining the whole rotten structure of superstition and dogmatic intolerance. Soon the rattling ruin will tumble into the hole dug for it.

The little independent journals are the saving grace of our times, the hope of the future, the liberators of men. They haven't a "million a week circulation." They do not need it. The million cut no ice. They only follow. The thinkers alone are the leaders, the molders of the world's thot. The few are the power behind the mass. Numbers do not count. It is earnestness that wins. It only took one hundred and twenty people to put up the mightiest job ever perpetrated upon the world. It is today called Christianity, chiefly, I suppose, because Christ had nothing to do with it. Through the leaders we reach the world. And you can bet dollars to doughnuts

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that every real thinker in this broad land is either writing or reading one or more of the little independent radicals. We have started the professors to thinking. Now if only we could galvanize the preachers into a little independent brain action, the world would make head.



And the modest little individual magazines are among the mighty forces that have brought about this great change in the public mind. They are the red corpuscles in the veins of our national literature. I would like to see a hundred more of them launched. Every man who cannot find the truth as he sees it in some publication ought to start his own. The more workers on the problem of human betterment the sooner will the work be accomplished.



Yes, I could write an article on this subject—in fact, I have been wanting to do so for a long time. If you want to know just how free editors and writers of great newspapers and popular magazines are to tell the

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truth as they see it, where they have the mental capacity left to think at all, read "The Myth of a Free Press," by that brilliant editorial free lance, Wm. Marion Reedy, in The Fra for August, published by Fra Hubbard at East Aurora, N. Y. Reedy thinks "we must return to the use of the pamphlet if we are to have any such thing as free utterance of heretical opinion." The article is the most masterly arraignment of the venal press ever published and it is by a man who is on the inside and who knows. I advise you to read it.

IDAH McGLONE GIBSON is a woman and an editor, and she happens also to be a thinker. A friend sent her a copy of THE OPEN ROAD. She was about to toss the little brown book into the waste basket where my friend, the Rev. Luther Hardaway, writes me that he regularly deposits his copy unopened, when a psychic thrill ran through her fingers, and she snatched the 'zinelet from its

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impending doom. Impatiently she tore it open to see what manner of meat it might be, and her eye fell upon three lines of black type. Slowly she read and then read again as one fascinated. The letters burned themselves into her brain, yea, into her very consciousness.

It was a flash out of the blue for her, and it had found its responsive chord. Her business cares were forgotten now; she dismissed her stenographer, reached for her pen and wrote the leading editorial for the October number of her magazine, on "The Duties of Parents," from the text thus supplied to her by those three lines of type.

The circulation of the magazine, a popular journal for women, may be a hundred thousand, may be five hundred thousand for all I know, but do you see how three lines of black type, one of the little aphorisms which appear in every number of THE OPEN ROAD, fired an earnest, thoughtful soul to write her message which will be read by a vast army of women, and men, too, who will

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never know of the little booklet blooming modestly under the leaves down here in the woods. While I was writing the previous article about the individualistic magazines, the following letter came providentially to my hands from Idah McGlone Gibson. It was so apt and so timely that I could not forbear to print it.

In this manner, thru the thinkers, we reach and mold the thought of the masses without their being aware of it.

"Dear Mr. Calvert:

"Once in a while, you know, the subconscious thought of the ages crystalizes into a real aphorism. It seems to me this is what happened in your command to parents. I am going to make it the subject of an editorial in THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL.

"IDAH MCGLONE GIBSON, Editor."

If you would like to read what the lady has to say about the "Duties of Parents" send for her magazine, THE WOMAN BEAUTIFUL, for October: Ellsworth Building, Chicago, Ill., 15c.

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Health and Diet.

I hope you rioted in the fruits while they were at their best. Now fruits begin to wane and vegetables have the stage. Squash, turnip and beets are coming in strong. String beans are still good if you can get the old-fashioned corn beans. I suppose they are hardly ever seen in the city markets, but they are the finest bean grown for this season.



One new vegetable appears this month. It is much sought for by many people, tho I do not care so much for it myself. That is the mushroom. They grow here in the woods quite plentifully, the small button or French variety, so called. I gathered a few yesterday just to see how they would work out. I placed them in cold water for twenty minutes, then chopped them up fine, put them in a spider with a little peanut oil and when they were beginning to brown, stirred them into a browned flour gravy. The result was a very

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delicious mushroom gravy. Mushrooms are all right for some people, but they want to be taken very sparingly, and some should leave them alone entirely.



So long as the grapes last use them freely. Apples are plentiful now; use them, and make your change to heavier foods very slowly. Most persons will find it a decided advantage to give the stomach a complete rest one day each week for a while. You'll avoid that heavy sluggish feeling in this way and you will find that you have a much clearer brain and a more responsive body. Above all things remember that moderation is the rule of right living.

IF YOU live in the woods at this season and are awakened some night by a cannon shot, don't think the Japs have gotten past Hobson and are shelling your camp. It's only an acorn loosened from its lofty bough, rattling down over your roof. But what a racket it does make in the stilly night.

T H E O P E N R O A D

**Ananias says this North Pole affair
'Peary's to be a badly Cook'd up mess.**

Harangues from the Hills.

BY THE CHIEF GHOURKITE.

The soul is not free while the body is in chains.

A theologian is a man who makes gods according to his own ideas and then gets mad if you don't like the kind he makes.

Politics are rotten, but not near as rotten as the politicians.

The loafer, rich or poor, is a bum just the same.

Nature collects the debts we owe for outraged physical laws and the interest is compounded semi-annually.

I would rather go to church than to go to hell, but I don't have to go either place.

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NO PHILOSOPHY or scheme of life however good and great is broad enough to close the mind to all further progress. Beware of the definitive. Have a care how you crystalize. Life is fluid.

Institutions, beliefs, philosophies, religions are the products of time. They must change with time or they become narrow, corrupt, destructive.

The first symptom of decay is seen in the attempt to force acceptance to standard formulary, and to resist changes or improvements. Thus what began in truth becomes error, and wrong and error ever seek to perpetuate themselves by force. Truth never forces itself upon the mind. No philosophy or school is big enough to become a damper on human progress.

Keep yourself free from entanglements. Creeds will inevitably enmesh your soul faster than gnats in cobwebs. Be free. And you can only preserve freedom by giving it.

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THE churchly dogma of vicarious atonement—washed-in-the-blood-of-the-Lamb-Jesus-paid-it-all business—and the lunacy that doctors or drugs have power to cure disease are toads of the same puddle. You will always find them yoked up together. Both based upon the scheme of the artful dodger. Shutting up Nature's eye. Dodging Nemesis. Evading responsibility.

The soul that would accept salvation as a gift without the willingness to earn it isn't worth saving; isn't even worth hell room—too small to burn.

The intellect that expects thru some feat of black magic to find health in a bottle; that would live a gluttonous, licentious, self-indulgent life, and then hope for amenity from Nature's just punishment, at the hands of some low-browed M. D., has scarcely evolved beyond the tadpole stage.



Why this curious weakness of character, this unwillingness to take our medicine, this

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crafty scheming to shift responsibility to other shoulders? It's because the world has been led by false and designing teachers, who have set up the doctrine of privilege in place of a universe of law; Salvation Companies limited and special revelation bureaus, rather than the Open Road, with freedom and honest manly search for truth.

Personal responsibility is the very keynote in the arch of human character. Without it no sane philosophy or livable scheme of life can be constructed.

The problem of humanity now is not to relieve people from the necessity of working for a living, but to make the conditions of labor more tolerable; to make work more educative and civilizing; and to provide opportunities where all may work in freedom and joy if possible.

Our present economic distemper is a disease of society itself.

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In the Woods.

Weather still fine. Just as I was fearing a repetition of last fall's drought, which baked the earth and burned all the leaves off the trees weeks before their time, we had a splendid rain. It began early last evening, rained all through the night, has kept it up pretty much all day, and now looks as if in for another night of it. But it is a most agreeable rain. Just a gentle steady fall. One of the quiet growing showers, almost as delightful in the woods as a bright sunny day.

The vegetation is saved. The trees never were lovelier. Such masses of deepest green, and not a leaf missing yet. The farmers call this the line storm. I'm glad old Sol made up his mind to cross the line today, for we surely did need the rain. How good it sounds now, pattering on the roof as I write.

I have heard people rave about the terrible loneliness of night in the woods. And there are those who could no more sleep down here under the trees at Pigeon-Roost than they

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could fly. But to the natural man night in the woods is as full of beauty as the day. Just now the nights are unusually enjoyable. Our woodland orchestra still gives nightly concerts, although one of our indefatigable soloists, the whippoorwill, is away on leave of absence for the good of his voice. But the music still goes on, those mystical rising and falling cadences of the Little Singers of the Wood, into which you may read every emotion of the soul.

Then there's the voice of the wind, always fascinating to the quick ear. Sometimes moving in fitful breaths among the trees, sometimes rising to a roar as of the ocean. You can hear the wave starting away off in the forest coming nearer and nearer until it breaks like the booming of the surf over your head, and then dying away as the wave passes on. Again it is the softest murmur, as of lovers whispering in the moonlight. Oh, no, there are no dull times in the woods. Something of the most intense interest going on all the time.

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Even as I write there's a change in the monotonous drip, drip of the rain which was beginning to make me drowsy. Boom! goes a roll of thunder over in the west, answered by another in the north, and the dazzling flashes of lightning light up the dark shadows of the woods in weird beauty. A storm in the woods, either by day or night, is a most thrilling experience. By day the vast rolling masses of cloud form a beautiful picture, and at night the roar of the wind and the play of the lightning is sublime.



But the nights for some time past have been so very lovely on account of the stars. With such clear skies as we've had this fall you can imagine the beauty of the star-decked heavens. Just now the stellar lights are particularly brilliant. Venus, the coquette, modestly peeps over the western horizon for a few minutes before sunset, disappearing below the rim of the world just as the flaming god Mars rides out of the east with his chariot of fire

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in hot pursuit of the faithless one. Mars is the star performer these beautiful nights, while jealous Saturn sulks in the background. You can see Mars now every evening lighting up the whole east with his glory. Once or twice I have mistaken him for the moon coming up out of the tree tops. On September 25th he reached his culmination, and was closer to Pigeon-Roost than he'll be again for thirteen years. At least so Aunt Sapphira says. She keeps posted on the almanacks. A book agent fluttered down upon her a few weeks ago to sell her a set of "Knowledge and Wisdom," but she dismissed him with, "I have THE OPEN ROAD and plenty of almanacks. What more literature do I need?"



But the year is fast going. Corn is hardening into golden ears. The pumpkins are taking on a richer hue, and the hazel nuts are ripening. The fields are still bright with the golden glow and golden rod; the aster family is out in all its strength. Life is at its high

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tide. But the sun is outward bound. A frost is due now any time, and there is in the air a mysterious note of impending change. It trembles thru the woods and fields. You know that something is going to happen. Soon nature will be putting her children one by one to sleep like the wise mother she is, tucking them away for the long winter night.



Take to the woods, even if for only a day, before the spell is broken. The beautiful October woods.

Every man is entitled to as much of the earth's surface, sunshine and air, and the opportunities of life as he can rightly use and no more. When he steps beyond these bounds he is a tyrant, a usurper, an oppressor.

No individual growth or progression is possible excepting thru individual effort. Let us get busy.

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The Open Road

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No, this isn't a tale of the Arabian Nights. Just an every day 20th century mechanical wonder. Yet it does work that seems almost like enchantment. There are now, I sup-

pose, half a million of them in use. No good hotel or big institution is without them. No new buildings are put up without a vacuum cleaning system in the plans. This is an age of cleanliness.

And now housekeepers have caught on and are installing them in their homes at the rate of a thousand a month. The day of the broom is gone. It has swept itself into the dust bin of the past.

The beauty about the new air cleaning process is that it is equally adapted to a sky scraper or a three-room cottage. It will get under the bed, behind the piano, everywhere. Cleans everything. The only thing it won't do yet is to wash the dishes. I wonder the inventor overlooked that. It will clean the bed and bedding and purify them with fresh clean air. You don't need to carry them out. Every particle of dust and lint whisked away like magic. You never see it. Walls, curtains, chairs, couches, pillows, ceilings and carpets—yes, you can turn it into a maid and it will dry your hair, and give you a massage!

No wise woman will ever hereafter kill herself sweeping and dusting, which after all only dislodges the dirt—doesn't remove it—but will use a vacuum cleaner and save her strength for the finer problems of life.

And the machine is really very simple. Even the children will want to use it. Runs by electric power, gasoline motor or by hand. Prices from \$60.00 up.

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E L B E R T H U B B A R D , E D I T O R

THE FIFTEENTH YEAR, and has not skipped an issue. It is the sawed-off and hammered-down of bibliozines, but carries the voltage. Every issue causes sudden cancellations from the grumpy, who subscribe not knowing it is loaded. That is the way we know we are moving. But the article that makes some hike and howl, tickles others to the skies—and so we make head, always make head. One Taft Dolodocci per year, or ten cents a copy. Ask your Newsdealer!

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THE OPEN ROAD.

R. F. D., No. 1, Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods. **Griffith, Indiana.**



ROBERT LOUIS, THE WELL BE-LOVED!" No other name in all literature arouses such love and pride in us. Across life's troubled waters, he threw the nimbus of his soul, a sweet and shining light. Without Stevenson, the world would be a darker place to live in; the sun would shine less brightly, and the birds sing less sweetly. He has enriched every earthly joy and mitigated every human sorrow. No other comes so close to the heart. We could not do without him.

If you will leave me Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau and Robert Louis—you may take all other books from Pigeon-Roost library. Blot out all the literature of the past but these, and we could still reconstruct life's philosophy on a saner, sweeter and nobler basis than the world has ever known.

Every Royal Open Roder may now own a set of Royal Robert Louis, fit for a king to handle—50 cents puts them into your hands. Fine binding, beautiful paper, nice large print, broad pages where you can mark passages that appeal to your mood—no man can read Stevenson without feeling for his pencil. Gems sparkle on every page.

Yes, this is an advertisement written by the Editor of THE OPEN ROAD and KEEPER OF THE SHRINE, for his friends, the makers of these beautiful books.

10 Volumes, Half-Morocco, shipped to any Open Roder, at once, absolutely on approval. Ten days to look them over if you want it, but ten minutes will decide you. Keep them for \$24.50 cash, or send 50 cents now, and \$2.00 every new moon till balance is paid, just as you like. Or return the books if you can stand the separation and no questions asked. I have Mr. Sever's word for it. He's the President of the Company; that's the way they do business.

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Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

Life Offer Number Two

Last June when we made our first great Proposition Extraordinaire, certain good friends who intended to come in neglected to grab time by the pompadour, thinking that we didn't mean it that the offer was limited, but we did, and these belated pilgrims have since been howling without the gates in great agony of mind.

Now another great opportunity opens. It is not equal to the first, but it is better than will ever be offered again.

Take heed, then, O ye wrathful ones and procrastinators!—Smoke up, and don't be found on the last great day with your lamps empty and your wicks sputtering, for **LIFE OFFER NO. 2** is also limited. The fuse is cut and timed with exactness to explode on December 31st, 1909, at midnight.

Here's the offer. Each new Lifer enrolled to receive Vols. I, II and III of **THE OPEN ROAD** neatly bound in half leather, and the magazine regularly thereafter each and every month for better for worse until death do us part, with special Vibrations every new moon, and may God have mercy on your souls, for ten dollars, two V's, or a Sawbuck.

If you know anywhere else in the world that ten bones will buy so much Mental Fibre and Soul Tissue, Health, Happiness and Heart Throbs, put me next and I will buy in your life membership at par, with 7 per cent compound interest.

But you must get under the wire by New Year's Eve, or it's no go. I couldn't extend this snap if I wanted to, for we have just about enough back numbers to last thru this season and no more are obtainable.

Now please don't miss this. If you want it, declare your intention before the bells ring, or it's all off.

Maybe this wouldn't be a peach of a Christmas present for Him or Her. Well, I guess yes! And no better equipment for life could be bequeathed to your boy or girl. Better than a scholarship in any University in existence.

Will you come thru now? The Gates Stand Ajar.

BRUCE CALVERT,

Keeper of the Shrine for All the Faithful.

At Pigeon-Roost-in-the Woods Indiana

The Open Road

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

Meeting.

By R. M. de Vaux-Royer.

Friend!—Stranger?—No! for your thought locks
and links

To mine, even as a wrought chain links;—
The country where 'twas forged it matters not,
'Tis heart that speaks, and feeling. Mind! 'tis that
Makes worlds akin; allied by finer stuff
Than matter's cognizance; and this to you:—
To see you—body, form—did not awake
My sleeping sense to that—the real man!
But some days later, when the forge was cold
And hand-clasp dulled in lax forgetfulness—
'Twas then you spoke unto my inner sense
That lives long after waves of sound have ceased
To vibrate. Heart strings vibrate last
And longest. When your thought met mine
And lingered there—as filtering rays shine thru
The deep woods;—(Boughs by light winds swayed
Cause flickering shadows born of brief unrest).

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Reflecting substance, warming into life
The fragile wind-flower or the "Indian Pipe"
That grows in green shade. Thoughts half stultified
Or hidden too long—repressed like woman's tears
When pride says "hold"—and these your mind
half caught

In quick rebound and called them into life.
And so this form is chosen to express
That which was part yourself and part me,
For 'tis the quickened spirit lubricates—
Sets free, that which in fancy was his own;
And from the unison of two, tho' far or near,
Shall ripen from their thought a shadowy third.
* * * *

On bended knee I bow before the shrine
In silent worship—Nature's devotee.

If the master Jesus belonged to every
mystic cult and long-haired order that now
claim him as their star member, he must
have been the Champeen Jiner of his age.
It's lucky he never married, else with all his
lodge nights the Sermon on the Mount might
never have been delivered.

I PRINTED Dr. Elfrink's article on "Rational
Therapy" in the September and October

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numbers of THE OPEN ROAD not because I wholly agree with him, but for the reason that he takes advanced ground in the field of rational therapy—I like that word much better than medicine—and brings to the front some questions which we must soon face and thresh out.

The Doctor stands high in medical circles—if that means anything—and is, I suspect, quite in advance of the general run of his profession on diet, cause of disease and right living. He is not interested in the sale or manufacture of any tissue remedies or physiological salts, but is a hard worker, a close student, and what he says is entitled to respect as his honest opinion. He is an osteopathic practitioner of the advanced type, but I feel quite sure he would not attempt to cure a case of ingrowing grouch or jealousy by inhibition along the spine. If a man came to him suffering from the gorge habit, with a case of *psycopathia sexualis*, or with his system full of that dark brown taste, I

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believe the Doctor would have the courage to tell him the truth about cutting out a few things, and would introduce the misguided one to a regime of right living as well as to osteopathic manipulation.

But when he opens the door to medication in the guise of "soluble preparations of the minerals themselves taken in physiological combinations and quantities," to restore harmony in a body thrown out of gear by improper food combinations or thru the deficiency of the foods themselves in their normal constituents, then I have to sound the alarm.



I am afraid I am one of the bottle-phobiacs when it comes to expecting health or cure of disease out of a bottle without earning it. I believe there is really only one disease, whatever may be the symptoms—and that is wrong living—from which it follows that there can be but one cure for disease—and that is right living. All bodily

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derangements are built by wrong habits of life, and until the bottle can change bad habits for good ones I see little ground for expecting anything but disappointment from such dependence, except to the dope makers.

It looks to me but a step from admitting the Doctor's suggested theory, back to the stupid barbarous drug-doping system in which the majority of the physicians are still floundering.



Of course the Doctor would not for a moment admit that his physiological potash or sulphur, for example, are drugs. He would call them foods, and as such I suppose feel perfectly justified in using them to correct the dietetic errors of his patients.

But this opens up the whole question as to just what things are foods and what are drugs, and where we shall draw the line of demarcation, and I would like to see the matter settled. Then, too, I want to know how science would undertake to prove that

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any of the blood constituents can be taken up by the system in unorganized form—that is, in the form of a laboratory product derived by chemical processes, as opposed to the natural or organized salt which has been drawn from the soil and the air and transmuted by nature into the tissues of the living vegetable or fruit—and incorporated in this unorganized form into the tissues of a living body.



Can this be done? And if we admit that chemical iron or manganese can be thus assimilated by the body and pass on into the circulation the same as these minerals would do if taken in the living organism, as spinach, onions, lettuce, radishes or apples, then why may not our friends, the drug dopers, come forward again with their lacopectine, beef-iron-and-wine, strychnine, digitalis, and all the various heart depressers, urging that they, too, are physiological foods which the patient has not the time or the opportunity

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to get in his regular diet? And thus we would be headed again for the lower levels of drug superstition where fool doctors and sparrow-headed nurses are curing (?) fevers with aconite and belladonna, giving calomel for constipation.

Yes, I fear I've got a bad case of bottlephobia. I would feel very much more comfortable in attempting to reduce a swollen liver by a little judicious fasting or by a diet of grated raw beets and carrots than with Dr. Bungstarter's Punk Pellets for Punk People. And of the two extremists the bottlephobic is a thousand times safer than your drug maniac who thinks he can ignore all the laws of health, spit in nature's face, and then evade his punishment by going to some drug doper of a doctor and getting a bottle of stuff to square himself with Nemesis. The maniac will die in his sins, but the phobic will get busy studying right living and self-control, because he knows the law, and knows that it is useless to attempt shut-

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ting up Nature's eye. We're opening a dangerous door when we admit the bottle fallacy. Only heaven knows how many deluded victims the doctors have pushed thru the pearly gates by that route. I want health, but I am willing to earn it. I know I can't buy it. No doctor has it to sell.



Even our good Doctor himself appears to be a little bit doubtful about his bottle theory, for he says it is no doubt better to get the salts from our regular food supply, tho he regards it as better to get them from chemical sources than not at all.

But that seems a trifle too indefinite for so serious a matter. I should say that the chemical salts are either foods or they are not. They either can, or cannot be used by the body the same as the salts found in living forms, and hence they are either taken up in the circulation or they remain as foreign substances in the system. They are either used by the body in the process of

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nutrition, thus proving valuable agents in correcting dietary errors and overcoming deficiencies in the food supply, or else they only still further aggravate pathological conditions, imposing additional burdens upon the system to get rid of them. Let's face the issue—they're either drugs or foods—which?



If the chemical salts can be taken up and used by the intelligences of the body in the constructive processes, they surely should be classified as foods, and here opens up a great field for the relief of human suffering. But if they cannot be so used, or only partially used, as the Doctor's doubt would seem to imply, then a knowledge of just **why** they can be used but partially or not at all would help us to a better understanding of this whole food problem, and the relation of food to health.

Yes, I will admit that I have some ideas of my own upon this very subject, but I'll

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wait to see if some one else brings them out better than I could, and if this is not done I'll take a flyer at the food problem again sometime.



But that other point raised in the article as to the impoverishment of the soil itself thru lack of proper rest or wise rotation of crops, and the consequent degeneration of the soil products themselves is, I think, a very serious question right now with all of us.

There is no doubt that the soil has been badly treated. Just as we have ruthlessly and criminally wasted our magnificent natural timber resources, so we have with equal shortsightedness and criminal ignorance sapped our farming land of its vitality by putting it year after year to the same crops, and by the still more destructive practice of forcing it with strong stable manures and artificial fertilizers which heat it and stimulate it to apparently increased productiv-

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ity, but which in reality only leave it poorer every year.

Against forcing it to the same crop without rest, the soil can protect itself by finally refusing to produce that crop, but against man's cunning methods of overheating and stimulating it by sour acid stable manures and strong fertilizers, it has no defence. Forced to produce, it will indeed do so until it has been wholly exhausted, and much of this ruined land now lies rank, in abandoned farms getting the only thing that will ever restore it—rest.

But nature is not altogether helpless; the evil consequences are by no means avoided. The law of compensation is not suspended. Someone has to pay the bills. Forced to production she does so, but gives us grain, vegetables and fruits sadly lacking in their normal mineral elements, which such products grown upon virile soil should carry.

The vegetation is beautiful to look at, but how often you find it insipid, flavorless. Thus

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does Nature revenge herself upon the vampire farmer who thinks he can take out of the soil more than there is in it. Here as everywhere man only cheats himself when he thinks he is getting a half-nelson on Nature. Only, the worst of it is, that it is not the guilty farmer who suffers so much as we who buy his crops.



You can prove these facts for yourself. I see evidences of this condition right along. When I go into the city I find the market supplied with beautiful garden products, but they are nowhere near equal in flavor, nor I am sure in salts-bearing qualities with what I get out of my own garden, which has never been burned out with stable manure or rich artificial fertilizers.

I can understand how truck farmers and fruit growers, in their effort to catch the early markets, and get the largest possible yield out of the soil, without the trouble of letting their ground lie fallow or rotating

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crops, can by this forcing process so exhaust the soil of mineral elements that while it may produce the outward form under stimulation, it simply has not the normal mineral substances to give to its products.

One thing is sure, an impoverished soil can only produce a deficient vegetation. The form may be there but the spirit is not. And I am satisfied that vegetables, however lovely to look at, that have been grown from a soil fed with raw animal or human filth, as no doubt much that you get in the markets is grown, cannot be fit food for an intelligent human stomachs. I don't want any of it in mine. That's one reason why I am raising my own. The other is actual love for the work, and the educational advantages it affords.



No, we can't beat Nature. What we gain in quantity we lose in quality. And maybe that's one cause of so many dietary troubles, and so much deficient nutrition we see on

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every hand. The consumer pays his money and thinks he is eating tomatoes, when in fact he isn't eating tomatoes at all, but an imitation, produced by artificial means, and wholly lacking in the food properties a real tomato should have.

Yes, perhaps, it's time for the woozy, sleepy, stupid and gullible public to wake itself up and to pay some attention to the sources of its food supply. If it has come to a pass when potatoes ain't potatoes, and spinach isn't spinach, then wot'ell or words to that effect.

Even the alleged inexhaustible wheat lands of the northwest, forced year on year to wheat, may in time peter out, and when bread, the food of the millions, goes deficient in food properties, what will happen?



What's the remedy? Well, it can only be left to the awakened intelligence of the people who will demand a wholesome and healthy food supply.

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About the only way you can really be sure of what you are eating is to raise it yourself. And perhaps all these experiences are but to drive us all in the end back to the soil whence we sprung. This whole subject is worth consideration. The great German writer referred to, Hensel, has written an eye-opener of a book called "Bread from Stones," which I wish everyone interested in right living might read.



But the Doctor's article is very readable, and outside of his theory of the chemical foods upon which we might take issue with him, it marks, I think, the most advanced ground that the general medical profession has taken. I am glad to see so sound a view of life and health put forth by a medical man. The leaven is working. People who are talking and practicing right living are doing a great good.

Even the doctors are getting sane.

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Health and Diet Hints.

THE diet problem grows more simple this month. This is a good time to get used to raw foods if you are seeking diet reform. The delicious raw food salad combinations now possible make the task most delightful.

Then, too, the beets, carrots, cabbage, celery, onions, horseradish, turnips, parsnips, sweet potatoes, etc., are just now at their very best. They will, of course, keep all winter, but never again will they have the spirit that they now carry. With every passing week they will lose something of their food value.

Now, fresh from the soil, all these vegetables rich in mineral salts possess in addition that indefinable spirit or essence which, after all, though it cannot be discovered by any chemical process, is yet the chief food value of all products of the earth.



There are so many good things to eat in November's diet list, one is woefully tempted to overeat. Nuts, squash, pumpkin, egg-plant,

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with all those named above, also apples, figs, grapes. What a feast! But best of all are the vegetable salads. They are now possible in almost endless variety of combinations. Here are one or two of my favorites, for example:

Take grated carrots, finely chopped onions and cut parsley, with a simple dressing of lemon juice and olive oil. Beat the lemon juice up first with a pinch of salt; then beat in the oil. Eat slowly, tasting every mouthful, and thank God you're alive. Or take grated red blood-beets, finely chopped white cabbage, with chopped onions or a dash of grated horseradish, and the same dressing as above. Baked sweet or white potatoes go nicely with either salad dish. The combinations may be varied from day to day by substituting celery, turnips, red cabbage, etc.



Figs are now coming in, the new crop of California figs being especially delicious. Figs possess great dietetic value, and are a splendid winter food. They are laxative in their na-

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ture, besides being good heat producers. Eat them freely now. A fruit salad fit for the gods can be made from chopped figs, apples and pine nuts, with a sliced banana and a cupful of sweet cider.

To get the very best that Nature provides for us, therefore, take advantage of her bounty and revel in raw vegetable salads for the next few weeks. You get them now at their very highest point of efficiency.



Do not put on heavy underwear as the days grow cooler. Keep the same weight, no matter how thin it may be. Add outer clothing as necessary to keep warm. If you have been sleeping through the summer without night dress, continue to do so. It is really more healthful, and actually more enjoyable after you get used to it, to give up night shirts entirely.

And always remember that fresh air, both day and night, is more important now than ever. Ventilation naturally takes care of itself

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in hot weather. But with the first frost many begin to close doors and windows, while the great mass of the purblind people will seal up the cracks even, and live (and die) like rats in their holes for the next six months. Immediately that fires are built, doors closed and storm windows put up you will see the harvest of death begin.

Coughs, colds, croups, diphtheria, pneumonia will be rampant, while the fool people, encouraged by the little less foolish doctors, will attribute it all to the cold weather. They "sat in a draft" or got wet feet and "caught" cold, etc. Everywhere now, in homes, in street cars, in business houses, school buildings, churches, theaters, you will see the idiots fighting fresh air and "drafts" as a deadly enemy. You will see some big hulking grouch of a man with heavy flannel underwear on, heavy clothes and fur overcoat, raising a riot if one of the tiny ventilators is opened in a car with a hundred people crowded into it, and breathing space for about ten.

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People fear fresh air as a pestilence, so low is public intelligence on matters of health. They cannot see that not the "draft" but the foul devitalized air they are breathing is the match that sets off the explosion already prepared for in bodies filled with decomposing foods and poisoned to the danger point with the products of decomposition.



Keep your house and your office well ventilated, no matter how much trouble it may be. Health is cheap at any cost. Coal is much cheaper than doctors' bills, drugs, nurses and burial expenses.



If you are fortunate enough to have an outdoor sleeping room use it all winter. If that is impossible shut your bedroom off from the rest of the house and keep all the windows in it wide open. Get all the air you can. And wherever you find a draft be sure you will find fresh air, for a draft is but air in motion. That idiotic, unreasonable and unac-

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countable fear of "drafts" has killed more people than all the wars, and all the plagues.

The stupidity of the masses can hardly be wondered at when the leaders show no better sense. Ignorance, dense wooden-headed ignorance all along the line. You will see the preacher pounding his pulpit and declaiming "the word of God" in a church filled with air poisoned to the limit with the exhalations of bodies and products of lung combustion. Make no mistake, friends; "God" will never be found in such a reeking hole. I am sure "God" doesn't like filth and bad smells any more than I do.



I went not long ago to visit one of the city schools in a building considered to be the latest thing in construction. I said to the teacher: "Wouldn't it be a good thing to open a window a few moments and let in a little fresh air?" "Oh no," she said, "the room is ventilated perfectly. We don't have to think of that at all. It's all done automatically, you know."

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"How?" I inquired. And she pointed to a small opening high up in the wall where a pin-wheel is set revolving for a few minutes at intervals more or less irregular, dependent, I suppose, upon how busy the engineer may be at something else. This was the "perfect ventilation." My senses told me plainly that the room in which our teacher was trying so hard to stimulate young minds into activity was at that moment so filled with rebreathed air and emanations of bodies that no one could possibly think clearly in such a filthy atmosphere. But the teacher went on blissfully unconscious of the fact. That little pinwheel in the architect's plans satisfied all requirements, and her own sense of smell was so imperfect that she could not herself detect bad air. I was also informed that the teachers in this splendid school building were not allowed to open a window, the ventilating system was "so perfect." As long as the dear people are so easily satisfied with such gimcracks, no serious attempt at ventilation is likely to be made, and

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really a people afraid of "drafts" deserve nothing better. It is to laugh. Or is it to weep?



But to sleep outdoors summer and winter. No one knows the joy until he has tried it. To feel the play of the winds of heaven over your face, and to breathe the crisp, snappy night air. It's great, I can tell you.

"Don't you freeze?" people ask me. I don't know why the idea of sleeping outdoors should always be associated with sleeping cold or suffering. I sleep as warm out in my bed as I ever did in any steam-heated room, and far more comfortable. Sleeping outside doesn't mean lying down on the ground behind a log, and shivering the night thru, as so many seem to think.

You heat your bed up, of course, with hot water bags before you get into it; in very cold weather use as many bags as needed to keep you comfortable. Have plenty of good heavy blankets and a silk or woolen cap for your ears

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in zero weather. There is, of course, a best way to make the bed up, which I will be glad to explain by letter to any OPEN ROADER interested. And perhaps I might tell you about my hot water bags. They cost me twelve cents apiece and last from a year to two years. I buy them from the American Can Company. They are simply gallon tin cans with slot screw caps, used I think generally for olive oil. Fill the can with boiling water, then put it in a cloth bag or wrap it in newspapers, and that's all there is to it. Put your can or as many of them as you need in your bed an hour or so before bedtime. These "bags" will be warm next morning. Yes, you can sleep outdoors without a nightgown just the same. Naturally you won't linger in getting from your warm dressing room out to your bed on a zero night, but there's no discomfort.

**Truth never forces herself upon the mind.
No philosophy or school is big enough to
become a damper upon human progress.**

T H E O P E N R O A D
H A R A N G U E S F R O M T H E H I L L S .

By The Chief.

You will never find a servant of God who will say, "It's a shame to take the money."



Yes, Dorothy, you shall have a chance to vote soon, but in the meantime pound hell out of that typewriter. It is woman's best friend; beats Peruna and Pinkham's Compound forty and four ways. It has done more to make you free than all the suffragettes that ever fit, bled and died.



Ruth must have thought that Boaz had cold feet.



There is no place like home, and many a man is glad there isn't.



Sewerage is more important than salvation, and the morning bath is better than to be washed in the blood of the Lamb.

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CHICAGO is being treated to a crusade against vice and a religious revival that promises to be a record breaker, under the able leadership of Hon. Gipsy Smith, who is diligently snatching brands from the burning, morning, afternoon and evening, at so much per snatch.

The chief evidences so far of the outpouring of the holy spirit are confined to red fire, brass bands and bad smells. Twenty thousand people, including preachers, boys and girls, with Gipsy and a platoon of police in the lead, made a midnight sortie upon the red light district last week. It will be strange indeed if many of these young men and women hitherto unfamiliar with the haunts of vice do not find their way back to the levee so happily introduced to them under the glamor of romance and red fire. Religious ecstasy is at best but a secondary sexual manifestation, says the Good Fra, and the sociologist may well shudder at the possible results of so ill-advised a move. Next day Gipsy received a letter from one

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woman redlighter with a dollar bill in it, which seems to be about the sum of the net results so far for the church.

As for the dive keepers, ten thousand dollars would probably be a low estimate of the value to them in advertising from that one night's work. The newspapers of the city report an unprecedented increase of "business" in the tenderloin immediately following the demonstration. Any time the church people fail to come forward with the necessary dough to secure Gipsy's services, he need not worry. He would be worth a million dollars a year to the dive-keepers of the country for getting up such magnificent demonstrations in their interests.

And what a scheme to have the police of Chicago assisting in religious crusades! Not but what policemen are often engaged in much less harmless diversions. As a propaganda machine for rounding up the sinners every Sunday night and rushing them to divine services the force would surely be great. Fancy

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your cop meeting you at the corner with the gentle insistence, "Have you been to church, brother? Come along now, or I'll club de head off'n youse. See?" Wouldn't that tickle Jesus?



If religion has sunk to this level, no wonder the preachers are in a panic with their jobs trembling in the wind and nothing but the grim specter of work staring them in the face.



Did someone gurggle an inquiry as to why THE OPEN ROAD is published? Well, dearly beloved, if the public intelligence is still so low as this pitiful maudlin exhibition in Chicago would indicate, we need about a million more OPEN ROADS. There's no fear, comrades, but there'll be plenty of work for you and me and all who stand for right living and sanity, for many a long year yet to come.

Poverty is hard enough to bear, God knows, but Charity is worse.

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Amen.

Aline, Okla.,
September 30, 1909.

Editor "OPEN ROAD":

Sir—I have no use for your paper. Would not have it in the house. There is no salvation, only in the blood of Jesus Christ. You'll never get to heaven unless you get there on the bible line.

Repent believe and obey God.

Respectfully,

J. H. ELKINS.

We will now sing the Doxology and take up the collection.

WE'RE all guilty!" shouted Gipsy Smith, as he raved in his cage at the Seventh Regiment Armory to an audience of 6,000 people. "These preachers, the gentlemen of the press here at the reporters' table, that boy over there, are all guilty, all sinners before God!!"

I take it for granted that Gipsy knows about the preachers all right, and I am willing to concede the iniquity of the newspaper men, but wot'ell had the boy done?

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In the Woods.

Now, indeed, does Nature defy the most gifted painter's brush. The gentle green, purple, gold and pink of the summer are giving way to the rich warm hues of the autumn, Such reds, browns, and yellows, and the many changing shades of green, such rioting of color is never seen at any other season. Nature seems bent upon outdoing herself.

No one can today look unmoved upon the circle of woods that surrounds us. Every changing focus of the eye but brings new and greater beauty into the field of vision. The trees at a distance of a quarter of a mile show such bewildering masses of color, as if some Titan painter had spread upon his canvas of the clouds all the colors of his palette, preparatory to working up his masterpiece. They are all there, all the shades ever dreamed of by man, so rich, so lovely, so satisfying.

They talk about Nature and Art, but I want to tell you comrades that Nature *is* Art. She

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is artistic in every mood. No human hand, however skilled, could combine those billows of color as has the master hand of Nature in the scene before me. Thrown with apparent carelessness against the screen of the sky, yet the picture as a whole is so indescribably beautiful that language simply balks at the attempt and the soul is fairly ravished with the beauty of it all. The spring and the summer are beautiful, but nothing can equal the glory of the autumn.



Why cannot we, too, like all of Nature's forms, grow more beautiful, gentler, riper as we near the evening of our lives. Human life should be never so rich and sweet, so noble and full of color as with the long years of a well spent life behind it? We should steadily grow toward our best, our sweetest and gentlest, as we approach the autumn of our lives, instead of passing thru a prolonged period of senility and physical decrepitude. Our oldest should be our ablest and most sought

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for, and they will be when man learns right living—when he gets rid of fear thought and learns to think in terms of life.

Youth is rich in promises. It is a time of possibilities, of dreams, of hopes and longings, of hasty judgments and quick resentments. But age is the time of wisdom, of knowledge, of dreams realized, hopes fulfilled, of tolerance for all, of ripened judgments, love, nobility of soul, breadth of view and sweetness of character.



May we so spend the youth of our lives that our closing years shall be as an autumn day, filled with sweet music, and our passing as a gentle zephyr breathed upon a summer night.

Fra Hubbard will unbottle his new lecture, "Untapped Reservoirs," Sunday afternoon, Nov. 14th, at 4 o'clock in the Studebaker Theater, Chicago. Reserved seats, 50 cents. Open Roaders take note.

The Twentieth Century Magazine

Edited by B. O. FLOWER
Formerly of The ARENA

Here is a new magazine which cannot fail to be intensely interesting to every reader of THE OPEN ROAD. The best proof of this will be found in the titles of some of the leading articles in the November issue: "George Meredith," by Prof. Archibald Henderson, Ph. D., illustrated. "Railroad Corruption," by Carl S. Vrooman. "The Unfolding Unity of Church and State," by Gerhardt C. Mars, Ph. D. "The Present Status of Democracy in Great Britain," by Joseph Fels. "The Story of Los Angeles Water Works under Private and Public Ownership," by Francis Marshall Elliott. "Our Town," by Bruno Beckhard. "The Methods of Joseph," by Bolton Hall.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE is the only publication that gives extended, reliable and readable information along the lines of Municipal and Civic Advance, Direct Legislation—in fact all movements having to do with fundamental, democratic and economic progress.

The price of THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE is \$2.00 per year, 25c per number, but in order to start our subscription list with not less than 25,000 subscribers, we make this

SPECIAL THREE MONTHS' OFFER

Send us 25c today, now, and we will enter your name to receive the magazine for three months, and will send you besides a special yearly subscription offer which we know will interest you. Send today. Get the first number of this NEW GREAT FEARLESS REVIEW.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY COMPANY,

5 Park Square Boston, Mass.

Show this to your friends--but first send your own 25c.

The Claims of the Child begin before it is born.

The Correspondence School of Gospel and Scientific Eugenics

is doing the noblest work of this age educating young men and women in the laws of life and procreation; preparing them for the joys and sacred obligations of parenthood. Backed by the leading men and women of the country. An educational, not a commercial movement. Pupils received now. A postal will bring you full particulars. Write it to-day. Safeguard your future happiness.

MRS. MARY E. TEATS, Secretary,
3241 Vernon Ave., - CHICAGO, ILL.

ADVANCE IN PRICES

Our surplus stock of bound Vol's I and II, of the OPEN ROAD are about all spoken for. Hereafter we will be able to supply them only as we can pick up back numbers.

After January first, Vol. I will be \$2.00 and Vol. II \$1.50, including one year's subscription.

If you want Vol. I, better get your name in soon. It will be \$5.00 first thing you know and none to be had at that.

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

Beautiful hand illumined copies of all motto designs printed on the last cover page of this magazine may be had by sending 15c for one, 25c for two, or \$1.20 per doz. to George Bicknell, Director of the Co-operative Crafts Shop, 1115 South 6th St., Terre Haute, Indiana. Size of cards 4x6 inches.

Metaphysical Healing

Absent Treatment a Specialty

Consultation in person or by mail one dollar. Monthly treatments by arrangement.

Dr. Ferguson

**102 Avenue G Miami, Fla.
U. S. A.**

FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS!

We offer a dandy money-making proposition, advertising the OPEN ROAD. Any man, woman, boy or girl, anywhere in the U. S., with spare time or full time, is eligible to the position.

Write quickly for explanation.

Circulating Department

THE OPEN ROAD.

**Griffith (Lake Co.), Indiana
R. F. D. No. 1**

Pigeon-Roost-in-the-Woods

FOR MISSIONARY PURPOSES

Six July OPEN ROADS for 25c. It's a good thing to have an OPEN ROAD in your pocket, always handy. You never know when you're going to meet a soul thirsting for the water of life. Besides, it's a certificate of character, as it were; an amulet against which all evil spirits are powerless; a mystic sign of Brotherhood that will bring good souls to your aid in case of need.

A LIFE MEMBERSHIP is cheaper if you are living right and expect to stay in the game. You avoid the trouble of renewing yearly besides making sure of all the good things. But if you are on the dope wagon, burning your candle at both ends, with an M. D. on your visiting list, and on friendly terms with the undertaker, you better not risk it. I'll surely get the best of it.

I am hale and hearty and growing younger every year. If you come across I guarantee to stay with you till you get your money's worth and more.

Ananias is in a receptive mood.

Don't forget to say: "I saw your ad. in the OPEN ROAD."

Life Offer Number Two

Last June when we made our first great Proposition Extraordinaire, certain good friends who intended to come in neglected to grab time by the pompadour, thinking that we didn't mean it that the offer was limited, but we did, and these belated pilgrims have since been howling without the gates in great agony of mind.

Now another great opportunity opens. It is not equal to the first, but it is better than will ever be offered again.

Take heed, then, O ye wrathful ones and procrastinators! —Smoke up, and don't be found on the last great day with your lamps empty and your wicks sputtering, for **LIFE OFFER NO. 2** is also limited. The fuse is cut and timed with exactness to explode on December 31st, 1909, at midnight.

Here's the offer. Each new Lifer enrolled to receive Vols. I, II and III of **THE OPEN ROAD** neatly bound in half leather, and the magazine regularly thereafter each and every month for better for worse until death do us part, with special Vibrations every new moon, and may God have mercy on your souls, for ten dollars, two V's, or a Sawbuck.

If you know anywhere else in the world that ten bones will buy so much Mental Fibre and Soul Tissue, Health, Happiness and Heart Throbs, put me next and I will buy in your life membership at par, with 7 per cent compound interest.

But you must get under the wire by New Year's Eve, or it's no go. I couldn't extend this snap if I wanted to, for we have just about enough back numbers to last thru this season and no more are obtainable.

Now please don't miss this. If you want it, declare your intention before the bells ring, or it's all off.

Maybe this wouldn't be a peach of a Christmas present for Him or Her. Well, I guess yes! And no better equipment for life could be bequeathed to your boy or girl. Better than a scholarship in any University in existence.

Will you come thru now? The Gates Stand Ajar.

BRUCE CALVERT,

Keeper of the Shrine for All the Faithful.

At Pigeon-Roost-in-the Woods Indiana

The Open Road

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1909

No. 6

Bruce Calvert, Editor and Publisher

Intuition.

MATERIALISTIC science in its investigations has always given too little credit to that higher faculty of the soul, Intuition. And yet, strangely, it is precisely to this sense that man owes his progress.

Where physical science halts helpless against the dead wall of the impenetrable, Intuition steps in and beckons the searcher onward. Where logic could go no further, and reason could not see, Intuition has dimly perceived the truth there in that shadowy land of the unknown.

When science retires baffled and beaten in its task, Intuition would carry the light still further if only men would trust her. This is proven over and over.

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The Intuitions of both Darwin and Spencer were nearer the truth than their reasoning, but mighty intellects tho they were, they could not admit its findings into their philosophy. That they both caught the glint of deeper truths in this higher sphere, even against their wills, is almost certain. Had they but had the confidence to follow that light, who knows how much nearer the goal they might have carried the ark? But they could not do it.



And yet Intuition is but the instant focusing of all the faculties of the mind into a judgment, which reflects the highest thot force of the individual. It's simply a leaping over the intervening steps of testimony argument and reasoning and arriving at the conclusion without conscious adjustments. It's a perfectly natural faculty and is neither to be feared nor mistrusted. It is the natural language of the soul. Why may we not trust our own souls, our own inner lights? Of course Intuition can rise no higher than the

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limitations of its instrument, the individual. But thru this sense man seems to come nearer to the heart of the infinite than thru any other power of the mind. Its working is beautifully exemplified in Walt Whitman, who leaped at once all the barriers of class room science, seeing what Darwin and Spencer and Haeckel saw, and seeing still deeper into the cosmic scheme where they faltered at the end of their scientific tether.



Just now physical science seems again to have reached a dead wall. It has used all of its terms, reached the limit of its equation, exhausted all of its paraphernalia, and must shift its ground, learn to think in different terms before it can proceed much further.



We are still in the dark. The answer to the teasing riddle of existence is not yet. That ages-old question, "What is Truth, and where shall the place of Wisdom be found?" still

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remains to vex the human heart. No system of philosophy, science or religion past or present offers a wholly satisfactory solution to the problem of life. Amid all the findings of all the systems, life itself still remains unexplainable.

Albeit the tendency of our times appears to be toward a broader view. Old landmarks are being swept away. Obstructions are breaking down. Physical science and its materialism, voiced by the brilliant host of modern giants, from Wallace to Haeckel and Münsterberg is slowly yielding its defenses. Reluctantly giving way to the realization that the true explanation of the universe, with the origin and destiny of man, must be found partly or wholly in a realm quite outside of the laboratory, in a field hitherto ignored by science.

Some call this realm the spiritual world. Call it what we may, science now stands halting and confused, compelled to admit that no

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fact in nature can be explained or even understood by the light of physical laws and mechanical principles alone.



What is man's place in nature? Which way will science turn? Is the curtain now about to be drawn aside? Is the answer to the riddle of the ages to come in these our times? We do not yet know. But it looks now as if we were coming into a higher and nobler consciousness of the meaning of life, approaching closer to an understanding of things than ever before in the history of man. Perhaps, indeed, the veil is about to be lifted. Perhaps we are in this day to see man come into his own.

But a crisis is at hand. A new cycle has already begun. The future belongs to man, and the new science may well heed the call of Intuition as one of the keys to unlock the doors of that supra-physical world we are about to invade.

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DEAR Open Roder, if you are a teacher, be a real teacher, and not a mere foreman in a culture factory. Try to preserve in your pupils that heaven-born faculty of Intuition. Do not force your cut and dried plans and mechanical methods to the utter extinction of that divine inner light which would send its rays beyond the portals of the invisible.

Remember that whatever smattering of learning and surface polish, miscalled education, is gained at the expense of the individuality, is a crime against the child. When you take away his initiative, destroy his imaginative faculties and crush out his Intuition, you rob him of that which neither you nor he can ever restore. Your offense against him is all the more frightful because he is helpless in your hands. He cannot protect himself. And even though you commit the crime ignorantly you cannot escape the consequences. You must pay for your blunders. Your ignorance itself

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is a crime, because you may know—it is your duty to know—the truth, and you are running a heavy debit against yourself in the cosmic clearing house.



And you, parents, better your child run the streets, almost, than be subjected to the denaturing processes of the average public school. If your boys and girls are in the hands of such soul-killing instructors and you cannot get them away, at least do all in your power at home to save them from the ironing-out regime. Try to preserve to them some remnants of their individuality, and native initiative, for that is all that makes the child a human being in the true sense.

Try to save your children from the reduction to standard dullness and characterless incompetence, which stamps the public school products of the day.

Every child is full of initiative—every child is a bundle of Intuitions, until our educational murderers have had their way with him,

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have reduced him to type, and killed his individuality.



Save the children. Do what you can to preserve to them their inheritance. Let them grow in freedom. Leave them the joy of finding out things for themselves in their own way. Let the child construct his own universe for himself. He has that poor right, surely. Are we so wonderful and wise and great that we must force our religions and philosophies upon the helpless being? Why chain the child to the corpse of the past before he can defend himself? Haven't the living as much right upon this earth as the dead?



"We must teach the child," they say. "That is our duty, to educate him." Is it? Do you think you can teach the child anything? How the gods must laugh at your monumental assurance. *You* teach that child? Why, bless your simple heart, that helpless babe is your teacher. You are to learn of it.

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Before your child can speak, it knows better its own needs than you do.

Who teaches the rose to unfold from the pregnant seed into full-blown fragrance and beauty? And is the human child a lower order of intelligence than the rose? You—I—teach a child?



What to do then? What should rational education be?

This: Give nature a chance. Trust the child. Give him the proper environment. (No public school of today provides this or even feebly approaches it.) See to it that his vital energy is not depleted, but conserved and added to. Provide him the opportunity for exercising all of his faculties, physical, mental, spiritual, and then—hands off! Don't meddle. Leave him free to develop according to the law of his own being, under which he came into the world. More than this, no teacher, no man, no woman, no god can do.

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The Bible.

There are two extreme ways of taking the bible. One is to accept it blindly, "kiver to kiver," as the inspired word of a supposedly supreme being called God and to endeavor to believe all of its statements, however inaccurate, impossible or repugnant, without thought or reason. This is the blind orthodox method and is responsible for most of the ignorance, crime, misery, poverty and suffering we see.

The other extreme view is the natural rebound from blind acceptance—going off to the other extreme of discrediting everything in the book, rejecting it all as the work of lying priests and religious maniacs, without truth, unworthy of study and having no ethical, historical or moral value. Both views are wrong, although of the two I would prefer the latter.

But the right attitude is to be found in the middle ground between these two distortions. The real seeker after truth with the open mind, will reject nothing. Neither will he accept

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anything save that which passes the bar of his own judgment. To such students the bible is merely a collection of books written at unknown times, probably wholly by writers now unknown, some of whom were undoubtedly thinkers and great masters, others of whom were of the fanatical and irresponsible type, and some downright rascals. A book containing many gems of beauty and truth as well as much that is most repugnant and disgusting. Much filth, full of inaccuracies and errors, as every work of human hands must ever be, and then in addition, tortured and interpolated for selfish purposes by designing men, lying priests and equally dangerous religious fanatics. Add to this the natural inaccuracies through errors of judgment in translating and printing, this collection of the works of unknown writers being seized upon and selected by vote of a very ordinary scheming convention of churchmen to provide an instrument for enslaving the people to the

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glory of their own selfish ends, and there you have the genesis of the sacred writings.

Pure gold is never found in the refined form. Pure thought and pure literature must never be expected in this world of error. It will always be mixed with dross. What would be said of the miner who should take his gold ore, earth and rock to the assay office and insist upon being paid for the whole bulk at the price of pure gold? The miner knows he can not do that. He must wash it or refine it through the processes of gigantic ore crushers and smelting machinery until all the dross in his gold-bearing ore is eliminated, and then he takes what is left. The pure gold goes to the mint and the waste goes to the rubbish heap. The miner who would insist upon being paid for the dross because he had some gold in it, and the miner who would reject the gold ore entirely because he did not find it in the earth already smelted and refined would both be just as unreasonable as the extremists on the bible just referred to.

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The searcher for truth will take the bible as he will all other books and works of men, subjecting them to the crushing, smelting and refining process of his own thought. Sifting the pure gold from the dross, the chaff and the error, and will use the pure metal, building it into his own philosophy of life. He will reject nothing. He will hold all ore as gold bearing until he tests it, but he will accept nothing until it has passed through the assaying process of his own mind. I see no reason for any foolishness about these things. It seems so simple that I almost feel ashamed to write this stuff, and yet I receive letters constantly from good people who are so worried for fear I have got it in for "God and the Bible" that they cannot sleep till they write me about it to set me straight, and also from others equally rabid, who skin me from A to Izzard for quoting from the bible, using the term "God" and for other heresies which they seem to think point to an orthodox taint still in my cosmos.

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To these dear friends of both classes let me say that I do not want to lose the bible from the literary gems of the world. I like to read it occasionally and I like to quote from it if the quotation is apt. It cannot injure me, because I have the attitude of the open mind, and I run my own ore smelting works. Everything that comes to my ore mill is put through the refining process. As a work of inspiration, however, or as a sacred writing the bible means no more to me than McGuffey's fifth reader. Its value to me is exactly what it assays. The literary prospectus of the church and the advertising matter of theologians, cut no ice with me whatever. I am trying to rid myself of that withering domination of suggested ideas. I would quote just as readily from the Koran, the Kabbala, the Talmud or the Vedas if I were as familiar with these bibles, as I am with the Jewish and Christian scriptures.

And as for inspiration, every man who essays do a great work for humanity, is inspired,

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and all, even the meanest of us, have moments of inspiration. "And the Lord spake unto Moses" is true, but I don't want to think that the Lord stopped talking to men when Moses passed on.

The Lord speaks to me and he speaks to you and to every one of us every day, if the heart be right and the soul keyed to the vibrations of the spiritual message. "The Lord"—Ah yes—there you have me again, so you say, still talking in orthodox phraseology.

What is the Lord? A man with long whiskers and big belly living somewhere in the frozen sky? I guess not. But the Lord which is your higher nature and which speaks to every man and woman attuned to receive the message. And if I use the word "God," I do it perhaps, from long habit and early orthodox training, and perhaps also because it is a term that sometimes fills the bill just as no other word at present would express the exact shade of meaning. But I put my own interpretation into it. My God is no gaseous vertebrate or

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anthropomorphic being, built on the specifications of the forty gallon Baptists, the hell roaring Methodists or Presbyterian Cabaret de la Morte.

The word God will either finally disappear from our language altogether or it will take on wholly new meanings in the future.

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Let us cultivate the open mind. Reject nothing, despise nothing. On the other hand let us accept nothing because someone however good or great says so, but put all to the test of our own highest light, and seize the good wherever we find it.

The chief occupation of the great medical profession these days, is to keep those without medical certificates from curing the patients before the doctor gets there.

Only a very great soul can be democratic.

Intuition is the natural language of the soul.

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I SEE the Christian Science cult has started in to excommunicate objectionable people.

Mrs. Augusta Stetson, leader of the great First Church of New York City—at \$5,000 a year, has been fired out for heresy.

This probably marks the beginning of the end of Christian Science. Religions and cults rise, struggle up thru persecution to power, grow arrogant, bigoted, and then start in to nullify nature's fundamental law of change by force; excommunicating members and compelling fixed beliefs, or pretense of belief, when reason revolts, and so go down to the dust.

Rationalists and students of Right Living may take courage, also take warning. Perhaps the passing of the Eddy delusion will be as rapid as its phenomenal rise.

Self-respect with too many people is a matter of haberdashery.

THE OPEN ROAD

So long as men work only with the hope of being able to quit work at some happy time in the future, work will never possess the great educational value that it should have.

LIFE OFFER NUMBER TWO seems to strike a popular chord. Thank you, dear friends, for coming in so promptly. I will try to fill all orders as advertised up to December 31st, but I reserve the right to return subscriptions received after the bound volumes set aside for this offer are all taken. But a few now remain. After January 1st Volume I will be \$2.00, and can only be supplied as we are able to gather them up. Volume II is growing scarce also. It will be \$1.50 after New Year's.

Orders will be filled as received till stock is gone.

Personal responsibility is the very keystone in the arch of human character. Without it, no sane philosophy or livable scheme of life can be constructed.

THE OPEN ROAD

HAVE you ever stopped to think that Nature has done all that she can do for you, independently of your own co-operation, when she has brought you into the world? That she cannot even do this unless somebody fulfills the conditions of life first, making your entrance upon this plane of existence possible? And that neither can she guarantee that you will arrive whole in body, or with the use of all your senses? You must take your chances.

In short, when Nature reached the point in her operations where man was possible, she apparently paused in her work and left man himself to finish the job. From this point on he must complete his own evolution. You yourself must do the rest.

Nature seems to care nothing for you individually. She thinks only in larger terms of racial progress.



Among animals everything is sacrificed to the perpetuation of the species. One-third of all the birds hatched, it is said, die in the nest

THE OPEN ROAD

or fall out and are killed. More than that, if they do not make the adventure themselves to try their baby wings, the mother will tumble them out. One-third of all the birds sacrificed that bird life may continue! That the bird may be swift of movement, strong of pinion, vigorous of wing. Does this give us a hint of Nature's plans?

Note, however, the great difference between man and his animal friends. Nature has not turned the future of bird life over to the bird. She is taking no chances; individuals are sacrificed without ruth that the line may continue. Nothing is left to individual preference or peculiarity. The bird builds her nest today exactly as she has done since the first pair sang together in the spring time, so far as we know. There is no improvement, no change, no advance; while man has come up from his cave dwelling to dreams of beauty in marble and steel.

The bird makes no experiments, however. She goes straight and sure to her task of nest

THE OPEN ROAD

building without any technical training and she makes no mistakes in her plans. Her first nest is just as good and perfect as her last.

But while Nature is apparently open to the charge of cruelty toward man; while she appears to have abandoned him individually and allows him to work his way by slow and painful toil, to learn by bitter mistakes, yet she has by no means forgotten you nor gone off and left you without provision. She has put into your own hands the key, and supplied the means whereby you may, by working in harmony with her ascertainable laws, complete your own development, passing onward and upward to heights unlimited so far as we can now see, to planes undreamed of by most of humanity today.

But you must do the work yourself. The evolutionary tide will carry us no further. No mythical saviors nor no power outside of yourself can keep the current of progress in motion.

Darwin was right in some things, but he pushed his pet idea of a "hostile environment"

THE OPEN ROAD

too far. Our environment does supply the necessary resistance to develop man's strength, but hostile it is not, except in so far as we make it so by working against Nature's laws in place of with them.



Why didn't Nature hang the key to unfoldment up in the marketplace? Give us the knowledge of the laws of growth as we get our teeth and whiskers? As she gave the bird all it ever needs to know of nest building? Because we could not use the key, nor apply the knowledge unless we discovered it for ourselves—worked it out from within. It must be the result of conscious individual effort.

So you see the problem is up to ourselves. Nature will make the possibility for a man, furnish the raw materials, but she will never make a man. If you do not take up the work of evolution when Nature leaves off, improve upon Nature's work, you must remain forever a possibility only, an arrested development, a good imitation—but a man never.

THE OPEN ROAD

In the Woods.

DECEMBER comes again rich and full of deep joys to the country dweller. Life is made up of ebbs and floods. The high tide of the year, the budding, foliating, out-flowering season has passed, and now comes another phase of life, the ebb. This is the time of the harvest, the gathering in. We might say, the pause in nature's harmony, a rest in the symphonic score. For rests are quite as expressive, quite as musical as the tones of the instruments. Have you ever noticed how the rests make music what it is? Indeed a continuous pour of musical sound, without the flashes of silence would not be music at all; it would be torture.



It is so in all life. This is the law of rhythm in nature. The rest is often the very soul of the melody. A great orator can pack a pause with dynamic tension, put the gist of his whole lecture into a period of silence.

THE OPEN ROAD

For every heart beat there is a corresponding rest. For every inhalation there must be an exhalation, and curiously it is in the period of relaxation of breathing out, that the highest phase of human expression occurs. You cannot speak a word on the in-breath. Try it. The inhalation is the taking in. The stream of consciousness is flowing into the individual from the Universal, and the reversing of the current or outflowing of the same stream is the returning from the individual to the universal. And this ebb and flow, this systole and diastole of the soul constitutes human life. Everything that we receive from Nature we must give back.



This is not an essay on breathing. It is a talk inspired by what I see thru the south windows of my shanty, the December woods. But all things in this world are identical. There is but one theme—Life. Life in some form or phase is all we can think of. Shut

THE OPEN ROAD

your eyes and try to think of something that is not life, movement, existence, duration, change, experience. You can't do it. I know, you talk about death, and our borborgymic theologs have pounded their pulpits to splinters preaching about it, but there is no such thing. Death is unthinkable.

I do not talk about death any more. I see only life, and all life is one. Every fact in nature carries with it the explanation and the proof of every other fact. Nothing stands alone. Every phenomenon, every manifestation in nature is linked and bound to every other. Cut any single fact in two, and in either half remaining you have the whole. Blot out if it were possible all the universe but one twig of the oak tree I see shuddering in the wind, or that muley cow grazing so placidly and self-contained (how cows do attend to business) across yonder by the spring, and from these fragments you could reconstruct the whole. As Agassiz could

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take a single scale of a fish and from it construct the whole fish, fully identifying it as to genera and species.

That's why we say universe, Uni-verse, one verse, one turn, one thot—that's all.



This has been known to some always, in every age of the world. Emerson and Thoreau knew it. Zoroaster, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, all voiced it.

Whitman, the sanest man of our world, knew it. In that mysterious and unaccounted-for pause in his life, which no student nor commentator has ever been able to explain; that period wherein he passed from provincial to cosmic in his grasp of things; that unknown time when he went up alone into the mountain, saw the deity—of his own soul—face to face and came back to earth transfigured, came back robed in the garments of immortality; Whitman knew then that all life is one, and it was then that he wrote his immortal line, "All truths

THE OPEN ROAD

wait in all things." No man but he who has been spiritually transfigured could write those words.

"As above so below;" "From one know all;" the Arcane teachers for ages past have put it.



And so to me these brown denuded trees are not dead. They are just as much a part of life now, just as beautiful, but in a different way as ever in full leaf and bud. I invited a dear old friend to visit me here in the woods a few days ago. But he said: "Ugh, not now! Too cold. The melancholy days. I don't want to see the dead woods." This dear soul thinks that steam pipes and crowded, filthy street cars, horrid noises, bad odors, bad air, garish lights, smoke, cheap vaudeville, and the tawdry nickelodion is lift, while these noble trees standing proudly up to the wintry sky, and the heaps of brown leaves cuddled lovingly upon earth's breast is death!

THE OPEN ROAD

Oh, Education! Oh, Religion! What has humanity not suffered in thy name!



Winter in the country is indeed the season of realization. The summing up, the weighing and indexing of our year's experiences. At other times things are moving too swiftly, we are too busy, no time to meditate. But now we relax, we live it all over again. We sort over our garnered treasures of experience.

We sit in our chimney corners, thru the long winter evenings, while our friends the books smile down upon us from their places on the wall in perfect understanding as tho saying: "We are glad to see you in our corner again. We know you have been too busy making hay and history to heed us, but we've waited for you just the same. We're glad to feel your loving touch again. We'll have such good times now. You will understand us better and love us more than ever before, because you are wiser now,

THE OPEN ROAD

your experience is broader. Welcome, dear comrade, again to our treasures."

Last winter I read *Walden* by the light of a wood fire, not for any lack of John D., but just because, and I never came so near to Thoreau, or so loved him. And I want to confess to you comrades that the only way to get Whitman's spirit is to read him in the woods. I think Whitman must have composed his best work in the open. You feel the wind, and bright sunshine, and the far sweep of earth and sky in his lines. Read thus, in the open, he enlarges your world to the limits of infinity, and he fills your heart nigh to bursting with the joy of life.

Don't feel sorry for country people in the winter time. My city friends talk about the loneliness of the woods in winter. Loneliness! Monotony! Mercy me! their "ten, twent, thirt," with its change of bill every day is a tame and humdrum affair beside the

THE OPEN ROAD

great living drama unfolding hourly under my very eyes.

Monotony? Why, Nature is the supreme scene shifter. No two moments are alike. The trees, grass, the moving panorama of cloud and sky; the sun, the moon and the stars, all, everything is changing with every breath. All is moving forward in orderly rhythm toward a definite purpose and an end. Of that I feel sure. I may not know the purpose nor the end, but I know that I am a part of the show; and I am the leading man, the star performer in my little world play.



Just now we are approaching a change of scene in the great play of the seasons. The curtain is about to fall upon the last act, fall only to rise again with the stage set for the first scene, and thus to go on repeating itself eternally the same, yet never the same.

We pass this month another pivotal point

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in nature's scheme. The old year is laying itself to rest, but in the very hour of its passing comes the birth of the new year. Nature's operations are reaching a climax, a focusing point, a pause or rest in the divine harmony.

Men have for thousands of years celebrated this season, and called it Christmas. Yes, centuries before the Christian holiday was established. It is the time of the fulfilling of the law. The season of realization, of attainment, of readjustment. The passing of the old and the coming of the new. The rebirth.

This is the season when the hearts of men and women grow tender, when the affections expand under the warmth of human love, brotherhood. O! now we see what the world might be, yes, what it must be, when love reigns supreme!

Christmas! Blessed season. Blessed that! The end of an old, the beginning of

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a new cycle in nature. The rebirth of love in the hearts of men; the assurance of the possibilities of human love to yet solve all problems, to redeem the world from sin, sickness, want, sorrow.

Let angels chant the heavenly chorus,
Peace on earth, good will to men. A new
day. A new Savior. The savior each must
find in his own heart softened by love, purified by the spiritual fire of understanding.

“On bended knee, I bow before the Shrine
In silent worship—Nature’s devotee.”

We really possess only those things
which we can actually use. The things we
claim which we cannot make use of possess
us. Send for the junk man.

Let love lead your mind aright. You
cannot learn with the heart full of bitterness.

Love is the universal solvent. Tact is the
lubricant that reduces friction in life.

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IS NOT THIS RATIONAL—AND SANE? ? ?—ALSO—

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Thoreau.



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